

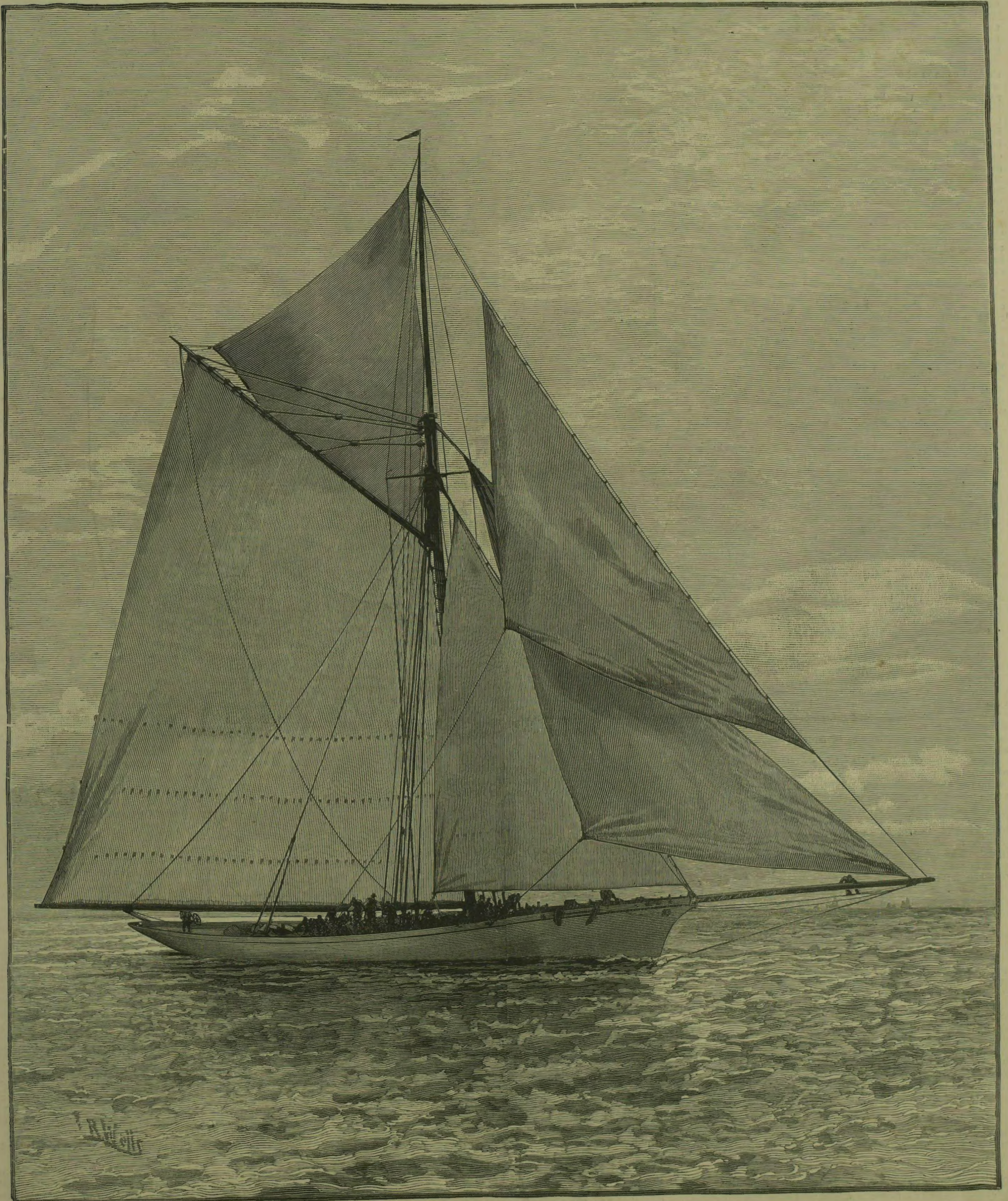
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2522.—VOL. XCI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6½d.



THE AMERICAN YACHT VOLUNTEER, BUILT TO COMPETE WITH THE THISTLE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The "hard-headedness" for which Mr. Bright gave Lord Hartington credit when he first recommended the noble Marquis as the temporary Leader of the Liberal Party does not fail him at this political juncture. His Lordship might have been anticipating the triumphant return of Mr. J. T. Brunner, the Liberal Home Ruler, for the Northwich division of Cheshire, in preference to Lord Henry Grosvenor, when he roused himself from the self-glorification of the Greenwich banquet to strenuously advocate the introduction next Session of a series of measures of reform by the Conservative Government of which the noble Lord is the chief buttress. Similarly, by the sad sea waves at Cromer (a far, far healthier haunt than the banks of the Thames at Westminster), Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may well have been induced by the Northwich Election to quicken his inventive faculties, and to ponder how he could best accomplish the difficult task of solving the problem of Irish local self-government, and of keeping Mr. Gladstone at the same time out of office. It is, at any rate, pretty safe to say that the Liberal successes at Spalding, at Coventry, and now at Northwich will stimulate the legislative zeal of the Government, reorganised to admit the Marquis of Hartington or not, during the longed-for Recess.

Speeches outside Parliament meanwhile continue to attract more attention than those made within St. Stephen's. Oracularly enough, the Prime Minister skilfully contrived to say nothing with antithetical point at the Mansion House dinner. But the peaceful note Lord Salisbury struck in conclusion for the special benefit of the Lord Mayor and City merchants may have appeared to some the views of an optimist, considering that the Continent of Europe trembles beneath the march of millions of armed men, and rival nations practically point shotted cannon at each other with one hand whilst the dexter writes deceptive despatches. However, it is reassuring to remember that the Premier and Foreign Secretary is in the best position to judge of the condition of affairs on the troubled Continent, and that the noble Marquis calmed Exchanges by his hopeful words. It cannot, nevertheless, be denied that Prince Ferdinand's quixotic, venturesome excursion to Bulgaria will probably yield a fruitful crop of international difficulties. Coming to Sir William Harcourt's recent address at Erith, the rotund orator of the Opposition may be credited with the deliverance of a most rollicking, pungent, and humorous speech, exposing the anomalies of the "Liberal-Unionist" position, and felicitating Mr. Bright upon his conversion as a respectful adherent of the House of Lords. The weak point of his trenchant oration was the complacent pluming of past Liberal Governments for the reforms they had instituted. Granted; but how much have they left undone which ought to have been done!

Mr. Gladstone, for his part, has been seeking renewed health and strength at Hawarden, and in excursions to Hoylake and the River Dee, on the banks of which on Tuesday the right hon. gentleman, despite his cold, discoursed eloquently upon the advantages of increased railway communications between North Wales and England, apropos of the lowering of the first cylinder of the great swing-bridge near Connah's Quay. The presence of Sir Edward Watkin as presiding spirit on the occasion led Mr. Gladstone to lend his influential support to the Channel Tunnel, which it is the ambition of the hon. member for Hythe to complete for the benefit of England and France.

The Prime Minister candidly admitted, when the amended Irish Land Law Bill came up to the House of Lords, on the Eleventh of August, that it was framed to bring to a close the deplorable "land war in Ireland." It being avowedly but a temporary measure of a philanthropic nature, introduced by the Government for a humane purpose, it is earnestly to be hoped no disagreement on a minor point will prevent it from effecting some amelioration of the present unfortunate condition of things by the easy action of an Act of Parliament. The Bankruptcy clauses having been dropped, the logical consequence should be a liberal and fair treatment of the arrears into which many poor tenants have fallen owing to the failure of crops last year. This was practically admitted, with habitual sound sense, by the Marquis of Salisbury, who appeared, however, to be sorely fearful of the results of a General Election should it be precipitated by the failure of this Bill. Holding these views, it seemed hardly likely the noble Marquis would cling to the Lords' amendment to clause 23, which would tie the hands of the Land Commissioners in revising judicial rents, albeit Mr. Balfour explained to Mr. Parnell in the Lower House on the Friday that the head of the Commission had requested guidance in the matter. There was a fairer prospect of this amendment being withdrawn, as Mr. Chamberlain plumply disagreed with it; and the Marquis of Hartington joined Mr. John Morley in counselling the Government to postpone its consideration. Altogether, it may be seriously questioned whether wisdom has been found in a multitude of counsellors in regard to this matter.

The Commons have dealt with a variety of other subjects needing but passing notice. Mr. Labouchere's vigorous discussion of the Egyptian Difficulty on the Eleventh was mainly taken up with a repetition of the charge of usury against the firm Mr. Goschen was formerly associated with; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no difficulty in vindicating himself and the firm in question, which had received only a moderate amount of interest for the loans negotiated. The commendable Labourers' Allotments Bill was quickly read the second time last week, and passed through Committee; but not without a lively passage of arms between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Jesse Collings, followed by excellent speeches from Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. Ritchie, and especially from Mr. Halley Stewart. Sir W. Hart-Dyke found no difficulty last Saturday in securing the Education votes, which amount in all to £3,402,989—an enormous sum which was far from satisfying Mr. Mundella, who appears to be strangely heedless of the heavy burdens already thrown upon luckless householders by the inordinately large School Board rates, the exaction of which leaves barely anything for the education of the crushed ratepayer's own children. The Home Secretary seems to have required extra pressure in the Lipski case, as with Miss Cass, before he would consent to further inquiry. The immediate result of this pressure was a week's respite for the condemned man. Finally, the House deserves a word of credit for the earnest consideration of the Mines Regulation Bill this week; and Mr. J. T. Brunner (chosen member for Northwich on Saturday by a majority of 1129 over Lord H. Grosvenor) is to be congratulated upon the cheering welcome he received on his reappearance in the House on Tuesday.

At a special assembly, held on Tuesday evening, of the Society of British Artists, the president announced the commands of the Queen that the Association shall henceforth be styled the "Royal Society of British Artists."

The great Irish Horse Show will be held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on Tuesday and three following days next week. The total sum offered in prizes is £4832, and there are 951 entries, including 584 hunters. It is believed that it will be the largest show of horses ever held in the United Kingdom.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

FLORENCE.

Certainly it is warm in Italy in the summer, and during my last month's wanderings the day temperature has varied between 95 deg. and 100 deg. Fahrenheit. But if we can endure this heat without inconvenience one is rewarded by the aspect of the country in the full exuberance of its verdant fertility. I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the summer aspect of Florence and of its surrounding hills and valleys seen from the terraces of the Boboli gardens or from the heights of San Miniato or Fiesole. It is a spectacle that appeals to the thoughts as much as to the eye, for before us is a soil which has had the rare privilege of nurturing two civilisations. The fields which stretch away between the river and the Apennines still hide beneath their surface the vestiges of one of the oldest and noblest civilisations in the world, that of the Etruscans. The beautiful valley of the Arno is there before us, irrigated, planted, fertilised, protected against the violence of winds and water, such as it was formed by the industrious hands of the Florentines of the Renaissance. The olive-tree with its black gnarled trunk and its pale foliage gives to the landscape a grave, impressive, and gentle aspect, in keeping with its illustrious history. A multitude of sinuous roads, bordered with cypress and evergreen oaks, connect together villages, orchards, farms, and scattered houses half concealed behind festooning vines. Beyond is Florence seated on either bank of the Arno, over which stretch bridges of various epochs, the Ponte Vecchio still lined with jewellers' shops, the Ponte alla Carraja, the Trinity Bridge, and the bridge with a beautiful name, the Ponte alle Grazie. Within quite a small circuit is the City of Flowers, with its domes, its battlemented towers, its campaniles, its vast arcades or *loggie*, its cloisters incrustured with marble or radiant with fresco, its rustic palaces and gardens, whose persistent and solid verdure of cypress and evergreen oak seems itself like architectural vegetation. Against the pure blue sky and the green hills everything stands out in sharp contour, and as a painter would say "composes" admirably. In this happy variety of monuments of all ages and of all styles, there are two monuments which dominate and reign over the town and over the whole country—the dome of the cathedral and the graceful machicolated tower of the Old Palace; one the centre of the civil life of old Florence, and the other of its religious life. Around these two points are grouped the palaces of the signori, the houses of the citizens, the streets, the markets, the squares, the monasteries, the various edifices of private and public life—the whole with a fitness, a proportion, and an exquisite harmony, of which Athens possessed the secret, but of which not even a distant souvenir remains in the dull uniformity of nearly all our modern towns. There is something consoling and ennobling in the aspect of Florence, in this small fatherland of so many great men, who each developed his individuality and left behind him beneficent traces of his genius. Dante, Galileo, Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Luca della Robbia—what names and what works gathered together in how small a space!

It is constantly of Athens that we are reminded in wandering about Florence, where our steps are ever returning to the Piazza del Duomo or to the Piazza della Signoria, which, by their striking originality, make us at once comprehend the double character, civil and religious, of this animated and curious history of Florence. The cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the completion of whose façade was this year the occasion of grand fêtes at Florence, Giotto's Campanile, and the Baptistery built on the site of a temple of Mars, form a characteristic group of monuments raised by the State for the sanctification of all acts of Catholic life. Neither time, talent, nor expense has been spared to give these monuments great splendour. Vasari relates how for two centuries a succession of artists worked at the church of Our Lady of the Flower, from Arnolfo di Lapo to Brunelleschi, who crowned it with a dome, which Michael Angelo obligingly declared "unsurpassable," but which is, nevertheless, far inferior to the dome of St. Peter's. By the side of the cathedral is the Campanile which Giotto began with orders "to surpass all that the Greeks and Romans had ever achieved of the kind in the plenitude of their power." Opposite is the Baptistery, decorated with mosaics by Greek artists, and furnished with most famous bronze gates "worthy to give entrance to Paradise." All this is noble, fine, magnificent, and simple, but utterly wanting in that mysterious impressiveness which fills us when we contemplate our northern cathedrals. Whether in church or castle, Italian Gothic bears no trace of that rust of ages which seems to us inseparable from a mediæval monument; it is a Gothic which, in spite of its years, appears to be new; a white and rose Gothic, more pretty than majestic. The cathedral of Florence is a vast mosaic of precious marbles of all colours, relieved by sober and exquisite ornaments, the whole very pagan, almost entirely free from Christian inspiration, and a testimony rather of the grandeur of the Republic and of the magnificence of its citizens than of their devotion.

The Piazza della Signoria is the most wonderful and the most unsymmetrical place in existence, and yet the effect of the whole is most harmonious. Buildings and decorations, palace, portico, fountain, statues are grouped, one would say at haphazard, in one corner, and yet in this apparent disorder there must be a superior order, inasmuch as it charms us. The impenetrable mass of the Old Palace forms a contrast with the arched openings of the Loggia dei Lanzi, where the soft light of the Tuscan sky caresses the perfect forms of those most wonderful pieces of sculpture—"Perseus," by Benvenuto Cellini; the "Sabines," by John of Bologna; "Judith," by Donatello; "Ajax and Patrocles," and "Hercules and the Centaur Nessus"—a most pagan assembly indeed. But what a delightful idea, this *loggia*, this charming shelter, against the inclemency of a climate without rigour, built for the signori of Florence for days of public joy, when they came in presence of the assembled people to promulgate decrees, to distribute flags, to preside over national fêtes, and sometimes over national disgraces. It was from this *loggia* that the signal was given to set fire to the faggots that were to burn up Savonarola; and in his cell, still preserved in the beautiful old monastery of San Marco, you see, beside the hair shirt and the prayer-book of the prophet, a quaint old picture depicting the aspect of the Piazza della Signoria on the day of his martyrdom, with the narrow perspective of the Uffizi Palace, the Hercules of Bandinelli, the Ammanati fountain, the equestrian statue of Cosimo I., and the Uguccioni Palace, which Raphael is said to have designed. All this stands just as it stood three hundred years ago; the only change is in the aspect of the people, who now wear shabby clothes, ride in omnibuses, and pester the visitor with offers of photographic souvenirs. Florence is no longer the *irrequieta e romorosa Firenze* of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, of the Pazzi and the Medici. It is a quiet, moribund city, where industry has no great hold, and where the churches and the studios shew that the flame is almost dead in the two great lamps of popular imagination, religion and art.

THE AMERICAN YACHT VOLUNTEER.

The new champion yacht of the New York Yacht Club, the Volunteer, which is to contend with the Scottish champion yacht, the Thistle, for the America Cup, is owned by General Charles J. Paine, of Boston, who was one of the original owners of the sloop Puritan and of the sloop Mayflower. General Paine has had the Volunteer built, of steel, expressly for the impending contest, from the latest design by Mr. E. Burgess, who designed both the Puritan and the Mayflower, and her first trial trip, on July 28, proved that she has astonishing powers of speed. She was built at Wilmington, Delaware, by the Priory and Jones Company, and fitted out by Lawley and Son, at Boston. The Volunteer is very little bigger than the Mayflower, really only nine inches longer on the water-line, though her projecting bow makes her appear much longer. But the Volunteer is a much abler boat; she had her trial trip with ten tons less of ballast than she was designed for, and she carried her great sails, larger than the Mayflower's, with surprising steadiness. The most interesting fact in regard to boatbuilding of the last few years is the evident tendency of American and English designers toward the same type. The American "skimming-dish" of a very broad beam and very small draught has grown narrow and deeper. On the other hand, the knife-edged cutter of English waters, which attained its shape greatly through the cranky set of rules adopted for measurement, has been broadening out its beam and lightening up a trifle on the ballast. The Genesta and the Galatea were both of fifteen feet beam, whereas the Thistle is twenty; and the Volunteer, although a centre-board boat, will draw as much as many of the old-fashioned keel schooners. She is said to possess extraordinary powers as a sea-boat, and her speed seems unquestionable from the competitive trips of the New York boats mentioned in another page.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The romantic play of "Loyal Love," produced on Saturday evening at the Gaiety Theatre with the thoroughness which characterises the generality of the performances under the management of Mr. George Edwardes, abounds in the eloquent poetical passages that might be expected from the talented lady who wrote the piece, and who conceals her identity under the name of "Ross Niel." "Loyal Love" is written in blank verse, and, like the other plays of the accomplished authoress, would be delightful for home reading. But, in the stage version at the Gaiety, the dramatic action essential to success scarcely begins to move till the close of the second of the four acts of which "Loyal Love" is composed. The story is that of Inez de Castro, deprived of its tragic ending. Compressed, "Loyal Love" would doubtless prove a strong play in the repertoire of Mrs. James Brown-Potter, who, improving considerably in each new part she carefully studies and sustains with infinite pains, finds in Inez a character exactly suited to her earnest and sympathetic style of acting. Inez is the beloved of Don Pedro, the King's son, who has contracted with her a secret marriage that does not fall in with the political views of his Majesty. Don Pedro passes his happiest hours in the company of Inez in a secluded garden when his father would have him woo and win a Castilian Princess. The King is supported in his project by a wily and ambitious courtier, Gonzales, who spirits Inez away, strives to poison her mind against her husband, and endeavours to alienate Don Pedro's affections from his imprisoned wife. Gonzales schemes and plots in vain. Having himself conceived a passion for the fair lady, he finds his suit dismissed with indignant scorn by Inez, who is finally saved by Don Pedro bursting into her prison-chamber in the nick of time to receive her fainting form in his arms. Inez imagines she has drunk a poisoned draught of wine, but the compassionate jailer has given her a sleeping potion instead. The curtain falls upon the bailing of Don Pedro as King in succession to his father, and upon a hopeful hero and heroine in lieu of the gruesome ending of the romance of Inez de Castro. It has been intimated that the character of Inez is eminently suitable to Mrs. James Brown-Potter, who evinced real power in her denunciation of the unscrupulous Gonzales. She has but to infuse spontaneity and variety of tone into the love-scenes in which she looked so charming to make Inez a very attractive part. The Don Pedro of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who was most handsomely appraised, proved one of this favourite actor's best embodiments. A Past Master in the art of impersonating arch villains, Mr. E. S. Willard presented a clearly individualised Gonzales. Mr. George Warde was a dignified King; and the earnest acting of Mr. Edwin Clearly, Mr. Mark Kinghorne, and Mr. Willie Phillips as Sebastian, Antonio, and Luis, the page, merited recognition. The scenery, by Mr. Bruce Smith and Mr. E. G. Banks, was of Gaiety excellence; and the dresses in "Loyal Love" were most sumptuous and beautiful. The great literary merits of this poetical piece amply entitled the authoress to the cordial call she received, but "Ross Niel" modestly declined to appear before the footlights.

The humour which is altogether wanting in "Loyal Love" brims over in the late Mr. H. J. Byron's most successful comedy, "Our Boys," which kept a good house merrily laughing all the evening at the Criterion on Monday last. It is the genius of Mr. David James who created and acts with undiminished zest and vividness the part of Perkyn Middlewick, the retired butlerman, that renders "Our Boys" ever welcome. Here we have a close study from the life realised in the most lifelike manner possible. His droll sayings, his slips in grammar, never fail to tell. Perkyn Middlewick was heartily greeted as an old friend. It is well worth seeing "Our Boys" once again, to relish anew the jokes and oddities of old Middlewick, overflowing with human nature. The comedy, in other respects, will not bear comparison with the original Vaudeville representation. Save that Mr. George Giddens—artistic in everything he attempts—gets some character out of the blasé yet good-hearted Talbot Champneys, there is little else to commend. Mr. Brandon Thomas is Sir Geoffrey Champneys; Mr. Sidney Brough, young Middlewick; Mrs. E. Phelps, Clarissa; and the young heiress and her poor cousin, Violet and Mary Melrose, fell to the lot of Miss May Scarlett and Miss Rose Saker.

It is whispered in dramatic circles that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been negotiating with Mr. W. H. Wills and Mr. Sydney Grundy to write a drama for the Haymarket. Mr. Fred. Horner has given the title of "The Goslings" to his adaptation of the Palais Royal farcical comedy, "Durand et Durand," for the Comedy; and the same gentleman is engaged on an English version of "La Princesse de Frédegonde" for Mr. Charles Warner, who, by-the-way, had the stage direction of "Loyal Love" in his hands.

Professor E. E. Crocker's wonderful trained horses are to be introduced at the Avenue Theatre on Monday next.

The management of Madame Tussaud's has become more active than ever in the palatial and handsome new building near Baker-street Station. The Royal groups were never more attractive. Each fresh celebrity is speedily made "at home" at Madame Tussaud's, which has recently been enriched by a lifelike model of General Boulanger.



FISHING FROM A HOUSE-BOAT.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The honour done by the Queen to Miss Ramsay this week, in sending that distinguished young lady a copy of an engraved portrait of her Majesty, with an inscription in the Royal autograph, should be a timely help to the movement for the admission of women to the degree examinations of the University of Cambridge. The inscription is as follows:—"Given to Miss Ramsay by Victoria R. and L., 1887," and the gift is accompanied by a note from Sir H. Ponsonby, stating that he is commanded by her Majesty to send the print to the lady senior classic, "in appreciation of the high honours gained by her in the recent examinations." Thus her Majesty adds to the effect in favour of the higher education of women which was produced by her personal presence in opening Holloway College. It is no less interesting to reflect that the Queen will thus be known to future ages to have given her own patronage and aid to that development of the sphere of female training and duties, which surely must appear to posterity as one of the most remarkable features of the wonderful Victorian era, than it is permissible to hope that the Royal patronage and "appreciation" of a woman's University honours may increase the facilities offered at the great seats of learning to women seeking higher education.

The Queen has great influence when she is pleased to intimate an opinion on such a subject; and reasonably and justly so, from her personal high abilities and their wide cultivation, as much as from her august station. When I, as a young girl, was staying at Edinburgh, about fifteen years ago, trying to commence my medical studies, I well remember the profound impression, adverse to the hopes of the ladies who were trying to enter the medical profession through the door of Edinburgh University, that was produced when Sir Robert Christison publicly stated that her Majesty authorised him to say that she disapproved of the admission of women to medical study at that University. What authority he had for his bold assertion I do not know; and the Queen has since abundantly testified to her approval of the training of women to minister to their sick sisters in her Eastern dominions at least. I always thought that Sir Robert had probably expressed more than he should have done; for a mother's example and influence about female propriety is all-powerful with a daughter, and the late Duchess of Kent's opinion may be known by the interesting fact that both the Queen and the Prince Consort were ushered into the world, at three months' interval, by the same accomplished lady practitioner (Frau Siebold) of that branch of medicine which most needs an incursion of educated women. But the effect produced by Sir R. Christison's assertion about the Queen's judgment was unmistakable; and so now, doubtless, will be the result of her Majesty's direct "appreciation" of Miss Ramsay's University honours.

More suggestions have reached me from several correspondents as to what might be done with the Women's Jubilee offering, the disposal of which still awaits her Majesty's pleasure. A lady writing from Dublin remarks that as the Imperial Institute is the Queen's favoured scheme for commemorating the year, it is likely that her Majesty will decide to allocate the women's offering to that object. This, however, would deprive it of any permanent feminine character; the Imperial Institute is quite a "man-of-business" or a statesmanlike affair, and in no way specially relates to women. Another correspondent sends a warm plea for the establishment of "village industries." She points out, with great truth, that the gradual removal of the people from the land, and their aggregation in large towns, is the cause of social mischief of very serious kinds. The root of the evil, however, must be looked for before any wise attempt can be made to cure it; and when this is done, the reasons why the labouring classes leave the country and crowd into the towns will be found to be economic conditions which limited action (such as that of the artificial making of industrial villages) cannot alter perceptibly. I may mention that those interested in the idea of a Technical College for Women, which I have propounded, will find in last week's *Lady's Pictorial* a full account, which I have contributed to that journal, of the German institution of that character, to which I have previously referred here, but necessarily only briefly. Such a college would naturally include instruction in those departments of agricultural work which are specially feminine, such as dairying. Lord Londesborough, by-the-way, is arranging classes and prizes for butter-making for the wives and daughters of his tenants, his reasons for doing so being that the best Yorkshire butter brings 25 per cent less in price than the best foreign butter, the latter being better made and more attractively prepared for market.

Country-house hospitalities are now beginning. What a difference there is in hostesses in the degree of capacity which they display for making their guests happy! An essential for a guest's pleasure is to feel a little at liberty; not to have every hour of the day compulsorily filled up in "doing something," but to be able to secure an hour for writing letters in the morning, or to lie down for a little while after luncheon, without feeling that the whole household knows it and is impatient of it. A "fuss" is always offensive to the objects of it, unless they are very vulgar people. At the same time, it is necessary to make arrangements for the guest's amusement, and not to let her feel dull or neglected. It is in this steering between two difficulties that tact is so apparent; and that invaluable quality cannot be taught or learned, for it is literally delicacy of mental touch, which is a natural attribute.

I think that everybody who is frequently invited as a guest will agree that by far the most comfortable (and therefore the most courteous) invitations are those on which the days on which the visit is intended to begin and end are definitely named. When no limit is fixed it is always understood that the visit is to last only three days; that is to say, that it shall terminate on the morning or early afternoon of the fourth day from the day of arrival, allowing three nights to be spent in the house. It is really much best, however, for the hostess in inviting to distinctly say on what day she expects the visit to end, as this leaves no room for the guest to fear either that she is inconveniencing her hostess by staying even one night longer than expected, or that she is upsetting plans formed for her benefit by going earlier than was anticipated. In cases where the guest comes a long and expensive journey, the time should always be fixed for longer than three days. It is easy for her to reply, if she wishes, that other engagements prevent her from remaining so long as the invitation mentions, but that she will be happy to come for so many days less; while, on the other hand, if no time is fixed, and the guest is left to suppose that she should leave after three days, she will often make an excuse for declining the invitation altogether, the real reason in her mind for doing so being that she does not care to make a five or six hours' journey for so short a stay. Thus, the usual period of an invitation to a Scotch moor is three weeks. But a man asked for the shooting is a different affair from a lady's country-house visit; many men will gladly go quite a long journey for three days' shooting. F. F.-M.

NEW ENGLISH CHURCH, COPENHAGEN.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, being a daughter of the King of Denmark, has taken a special interest in the erection of the church for the accommodation of residents and visitors at Copenhagen. We present a View of this building, which is now completed, and will be opened, on Sept. 19, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The view is taken from the entrance to the citadel, showing in the foreground the water of the moat. Some details of the design and construction of the church may be given at the time of its opening, when many English visitors are likely to be present; for tourists at this season will probably be numerous in the cities of the Baltic shores. Of these, Copenhagen is not the least attractive and interesting, and is a place of great importance, having, with its suburbs, a population of 250,000. Its situation, on both shores of the channel, forming a good open harbour between Zealand and the small island of Amager, with canals and lakes intersecting or surrounding the town, is favourable to maritime commerce; the older part of the city, to the south and west, contains the principal business streets and markets, and is enlivened by the traffic of the port; while the modern quarter, Fredrikstad, in which is the stately palatial square of Amalienborg, the residence of the King and the Royal family, is inhabited by the more aristocratic and fashionable classes. The old palace of Rosenborg, with the museum of Danish history, and the gardens and trees about it, and that of Christiansborg, on a little island called Slotsholm in the crowded harbour, where the public library, picture-gallery, armoury, and other valuable collections are placed, are of great interest. Lovers of art, and students of antiquities, will find much to gratify their tastes in Copenhagen, as well as in Stockholm; and it seems not inappropriate to mention the peculiar attractions of the Danish capital upon this occasion, when an event such as the intended Royal visit, not indeed for the first time, is about to recall Copenhagen to the notice of our readers.

LABORATORY OF THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

This handsome building of white limestone, excavated on the spot, has been erected on the Citadel Hill, Plymouth, from designs by Messrs. Snell, of Plymouth, Mr. Bell, of the War Office, and Mr. Inglis, C.E., of Plymouth. It is placed on a site on the shore of Plymouth Sound, granted by the War Office to the Marine Biological Association, which was founded in March, 1884, at a meeting held in the rooms of the Royal Society, and owes its institution and present flourishing condition chiefly to the efforts of Professor Ray Lankester, of University College, London. The association is presided over by Professor Huxley; its patron is the Prince of Wales; among its vice-presidents are the Dukes of Argyll, Sutherland, and Abercorn, the Earls of Dalhousie and St. Germans, Professor Flower, of the British Museum, and other eminent naturalists. The affairs of the association are managed by an elective council, comprising the chief scientific naturalists of Great Britain, and by an honorary secretary and treasurer. The association has gathered subscriptions varying from five to five hundred guineas from a very large number of private individuals, and has about 300 members subscribing one guinea a year. Besides these sums it has received £2000 from the Fishmongers' Company; £500 from the Clothworkers' Company, from the University of Oxford, and from the University of Cambridge; 300 guineas from the Mercers' Company; and 200 guineas or more from the Royal Society of London and from the Corporation of London. As this list shows, the association receives support both from the practical and the scientific members of the community. Its object is to arrange facilities for the prosecution of scientific researches by competent naturalists into the habits and life-conditions of British sea-fishes, with a view both of extending scientific knowledge and of gaining information which will be of value in the management of the national sea-fisheries.

Plymouth has been selected as the site of the chief laboratory of the association on account of the richness of its marine fauna, and of the presence there of a large fleet of fishing-vessels. The laboratory is provided with a deep reservoir excavated in the rock, and capable of holding 100,000 gallons of sea-water. This water will be circulated without intermission by steam-pumps through the experimental tanks placed in the laboratory building. The laboratory contains a large work-room, providing ample accommodation for fourteen investigators, a physiological laboratory, a chemical laboratory, a library, private laboratories, and a suite of rooms for the resident superintendent, as well as dwelling-rooms for the caretaker and the engineer. The total cost of the building and reservoir is £6000; of the circulating apparatus and fish-tanks, £3000; and the minor fittings will, together with books for the library, cost about £2000. The association has received £5000 from H.M. Treasury in aid of the building, and a sum of £500 a year for five years. Investigations have already been commenced in Plymouth Sound and the neighbourhood by naturalists employed by the council of the association.

The building is just completed; but the salt-water tanks are not yet in working order. As soon as they are ready, the institution will be opened with some ceremony, in which, it is hoped, that the Prince of Wales will take part. The resources of the establishment will then be available for use by scientific naturalists, who will come there for purposes of study, not only from all parts of the British Islands, but also from the Continent. The income of the association is about £1000 a year. A larger sum than this is needed—since some of the necessary expenditure is very heavy. At the present moment £1500 is required in order to purchase a small steam-trawler, and about £400 a year to pay the wages of three men and a boy to man her and to pay for her coal and annual repairs.

Persons desirous of becoming members of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom, or of making donations to its funds, should communicate with the honorary secretary, Professor Ray Lankester, F.R.S., University College, Gower-street, London, from whom all particulars may be ascertained, and from whom a copy of the first number of the journal of the association may be obtained.

In Warrior-square, Southend, the Jubilee of the Queen was commemorated, last Saturday, by the laying of a memorial-stone of the first local hospital, to be called the Victoria Hospital. Lord and Lady Brooke and a large and fashionable assembly were present, Dr. Warwick being the chairman.

The engineer of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company states that from the mains of his company 3,000,000 gallons of water were drawn for the purpose of extinguishing the fire at Mr. Whiteley's, in addition to a large quantity supplied by the West Middlesex Company.

The Hon. Cecil Raikes, Postmaster-General, opened a new wing to the Morley Convalescent Home, at St. Margaret's, near Dover, on the 11th inst. The institution was established for the benefit of London working-men, and the added wing is intended for the reception of London postmen.

FISHING FROM A HOUSE-BOAT.

The "gentle craft" of angling is not condemned as an unlady-like pastime. The Egyptian Queen, scarcely indeed a pattern of feminine propriety, is made by Shakespeare to talk of "betraying tawny-finned fishes," and of her bended hook piercing their slimy jaws. The London Piscatorial Society has ere now had occasion to award prizes to ladies for the largest catch of chub or barbel in the Thames. One of its oldest members was often to be seen, on fine summer days, seated in a punt, with his daughter beside him, both intent on the same quiet sport. Of late, the use of the "house-boat," in which a family or friendly party can secure a tolerable approach to domestic accommodation, may have afforded facilities to many of the sex for sharing in this amusement. A scene of this pleasant occupation is the subject of our Artist's drawing. The floating habitation of the young people enjoying such mild diversion bears the name of "The Lotus," which suggests delightful idleness and a spirit disinclined even to take the trouble of fishing. Its influence seems already to have affected the lady reclining in the wicker-chair with her closed book and her fan. Are these little fishes worth catching? she asks in thought; and is it any pleasure to cheat the silly things and draw them to their death? Each man or woman is free to answer such questions to his or her personal satisfaction. The readiest probable excuse is that one must find something to do. People spending many hours together on the river, with no rowing or canoe-paddling, feel the want of active employment. It is not everybody who knows all the water-plants and water-insects, or can derive intellectual pleasure from examining the curiosities of organised life in nature. Catching and killing may be practised with less effort of mind.

CONTREXÉVILLE.

Contrexéville, a pretty little village in the Department of the Vosges, about two hundred miles from Paris, and lying more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, owes its celebrity to its mineral spring. The medicinal properties of its waters have been tested and appreciated on the Continent for more than a century; but in England little has been heard of them until lately. Now, however, since their wonderful healing powers in all cases of kidney diseases, colic, diabetes, stone, gravel, gout, hepatic and nephritic disorders, are becoming more widely known, their popularity increases yearly. Dr. Cruise, of Dublin, who paid a visit to Contrexéville in the summer of 1877, published some interesting notes on the subject, which doubtless attracted the attention of the medical profession in the United Kingdom, and of the public in general. Patients in a very advanced stage of acute chronic disease were sent there, and derived such speedy and lasting benefit that the fame of the quiet and unpretending little village spread rapidly; and numerous hotels, boarding and lodging houses sprang up to meet the requirements of the increasing influx of visitors who flock there from May 15 to Sept. 25. The highest medical authorities are agreed upon the therapeutic value of the Contrexéville waters. Dr. Cruise sums up his appreciation of them in these words:—"The essential difference between the Contrexéville waters and those of other alkaline springs, such as Vichy, Vals, &c., is that they are tonic; and are thus, while beneficial to local ailments, at the same time restorative of the general health and strength. Such a combination of virtues cannot by any means be affirmed regarding many other alkaline waters." The most direct route to Contrexéville is by the Chemin-de-Fer de l'Est from Paris, through carriages being attached to the principal trains; but it may also be reached from Calais or Boulogne by Amiens, Châlons, and Langres. Since July 1, passengers travelling by the Oriental express (train de luxe), which leaves London at eight p.m. and arrives at Nancy at 10.30 the next morning, can reach Contrexéville at 12.30, thereby shortening the journey by eight hours.

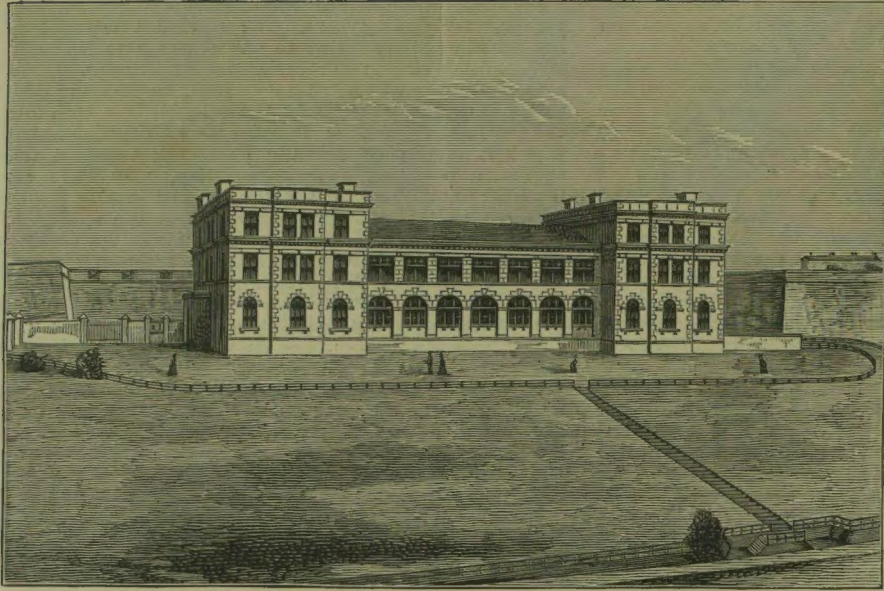
Some inveterate pleasure-lovers may find Contrexéville rather too quiet; for regularity of living, and "early to bed, early to rise," are the rules; still, to those who go for health's sake, time hangs by no means heavily. The mornings are consecrated, as in all mineral watering-places, to the all-important duty of absorbing the allotted amount of water of the "Source du Pavillon," which is naturally the great central point of local interest. The health-giving "Source du Pavillon" is inclosed by a handsome glass structure erected in 1882. Covered galleries, forming a pleasant lounge in rainy weather, connect the famous spring with a large arcade, more than 100 metres in length and six metres in breadth, under which are shops, where visitors may procure all they require. After each glassful, fifteen minutes' walk is necessary for digestion before drinking the next; for this purpose a shady and tastefully laid-out park, in which a band plays twice a day, surrounds the pavilion.

Baths and douches of every kind form a very prominent feature in the medical treatment prescribed at Contrexéville. The hydropathic establishment is fitted up with great taste and comfort; the bath-rooms have been recently improved, and are supplied with all the most modern appliances. The principal hotel, the Grand Hôtel de l'Établissement, is first-rate, the cooking excellent, and the attendance good. It contains 120 bed and sitting rooms, and about sixty servants' rooms. The manager, M. Morel, leaves nothing undone to promote the comfort of the visitors. There are various other hotels, such as the Hôtel de Paris, Hôtel de la Providence, and others, all affording excellent accommodation.

Contrexéville possesses a casino, with good reading, card, and billiard rooms, and a small theatre, where four theatrical representations and a "soirée dansante" are given weekly. Lawn-tennis, archery, bowls, croquet, shooting-galleries, and other amusements share the public favour.

Though the surrounding country is not remarkably picturesque, there are some interesting excursions to be made; and within a few minutes' walk of the village, pretty woods afford delicious coolness even on the most sultry July afternoon. An agreeable day may be spent at Domrémy-la-Pucelle, Joan of Arc's birth-place, where her home has been preserved as an historical monument, and certainly merits a pilgrimage. The hermitage of Chèvre-Roche, built on a rock in the middle of a picturesque valley, and the Chêne des Partisans, are also favourite excursions. Those who intend spending a season at Contrexéville must bear in mind that however hot may be the weather, the mornings, and still more especially the evenings, are fresh and cool enough to require warm clothing.

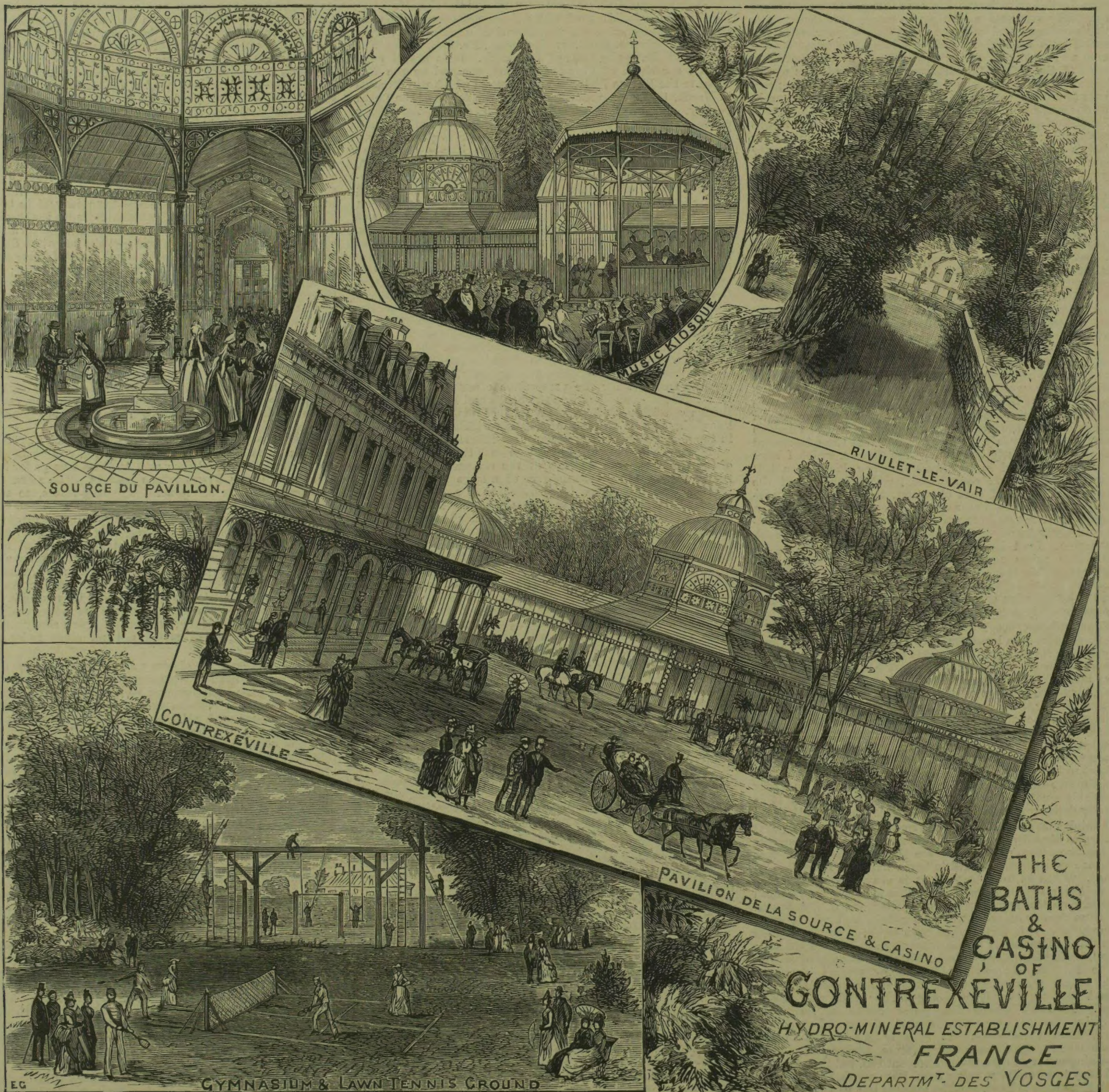
An English chaplain resides at Contrexéville during the entire season, and as the present director, M. Monhot, who was for many years secretary of the Cercle de la Méditerranée at Nice, understands English, and English tastes and habits, nothing is neglected which can add to the comfort of the visitors. Any information about the place, or the means of procuring the mineral water in England, may be easily obtained by writing to him, or to Mr. Adam, 31, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, where a large quantity of the water is always kept in stock.

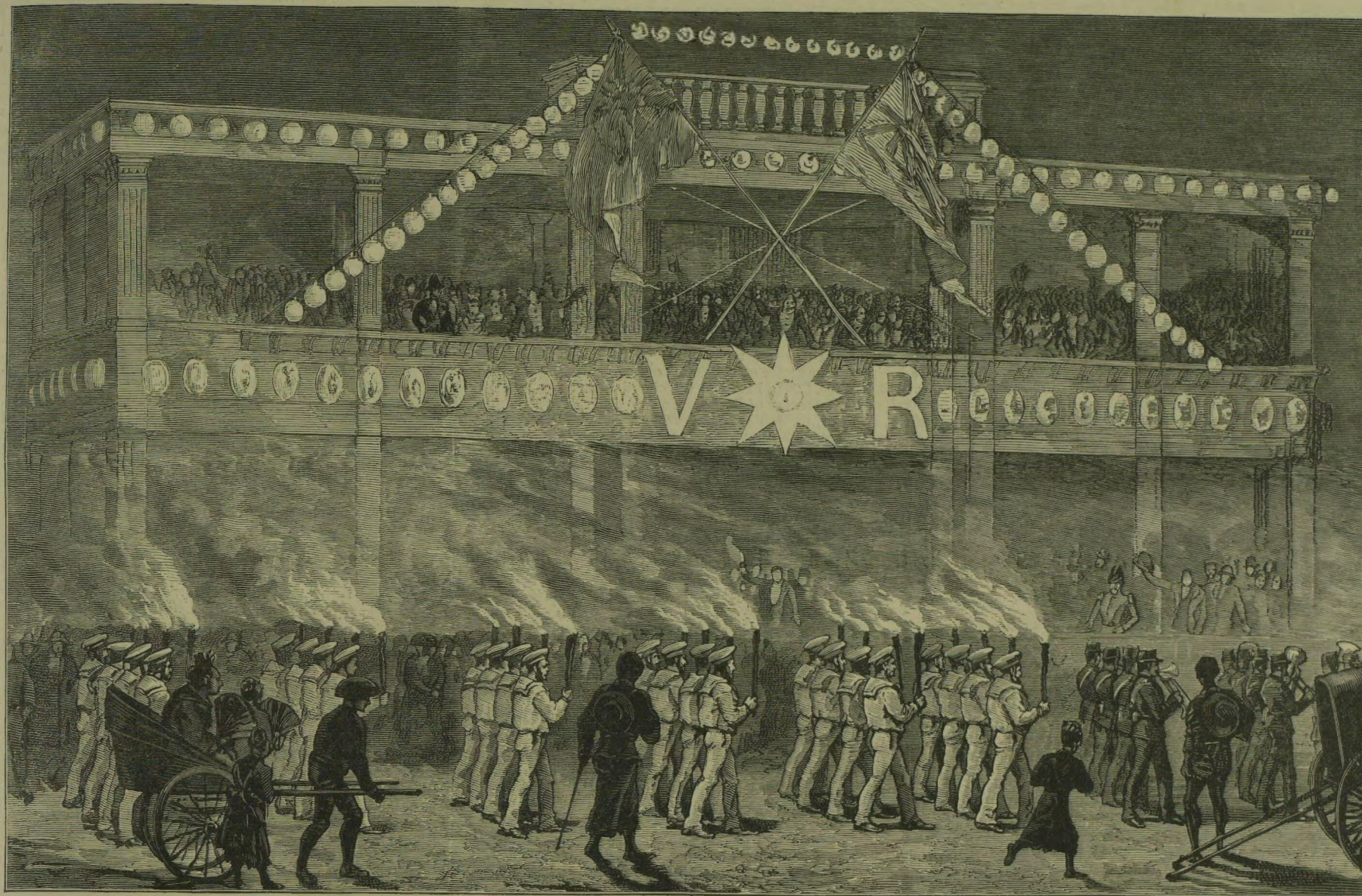


LABORATORY OF THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, AT PLYMOUTH.

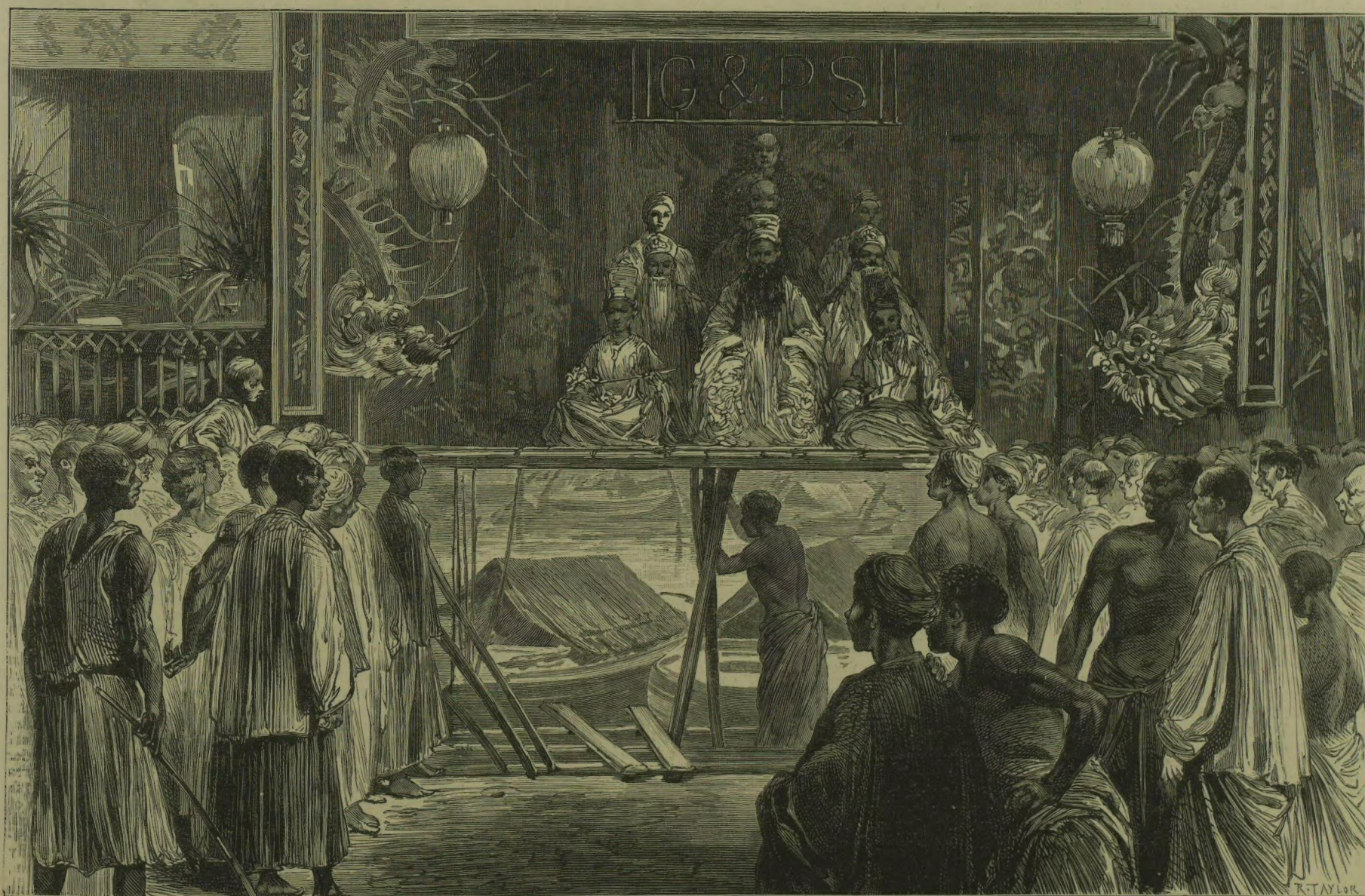


ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN, TO BE OPENED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.





CELEBRATION AT YOKOHAMA, JAPAN: TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION PASSING THE CLUB ON THE BUND.



CELEBRATION AT SINGAPORE: JUBILEE PERFORMANCE AT A WAYANG, OR CHINESE THEATRE.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN THE FAR EAST OF ASIA.

THE COURT.

His Highness the Thakore Sahib of Morvi, K.C.I.E., and the Thakore Sahib of Limri, K.C.I.E., arrived at Osborne on Thursday week. The Thakores were received by the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. Colonel Cramer, commanding the King's Royal Rifles at Parkhurst, and Commander Poore, of her Majesty's yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Yesterday week the Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice, and the young Duke of Albany took leave of her Majesty and returned to Claremont. An address of congratulation was presented to her Majesty from the Northern Union of Schools of Cookery, Liverpool. The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon the following gentlemen:—Mr. Henry Doulton, Mr. William Lawrence (Alderman of the City of London), Mr. John Smith, Mr. Edwin Galsworthy, Mr. Andrew Maclean (Chief Magistrate of Partick, N.B.), Mr. George Macleod (Surgeon in Ordinary in Scotland), Mr. John Cuthbertson, Mr. Henry Mitchell, Mr. George Martin-Holloway, Mr. William Aitken (Professor of Pathology, Netley Hospital), Mr. Warrington Smyth (School of Mines), Mr. Henry Watson Parker (President of the Incorporated Law Society), and Mr. Francis Pittis (Mayor of Newport, Isle of Wight). The Duke of Connaught was present with her Majesty. The Crown Princess of Germany visited her Majesty, and afterwards drove with the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Prussia. The Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, Lieutenant-Colonel Cavaye (military secretary to his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army), and Captain Bainbridge, H.M.S. *Valorous*, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh, went out on the Solent on board the yacht *Alberta* on Saturday afternoon. The *Alberta* steamed to the westward, and met the *Active*, *Volage*, *Rover*, and *Calypso*, composing the Flying Squadron, under the command of Commodore A. H. Markham. The squadron received her Majesty with a Royal salute. The *Alberta* afterwards proceeded to Spithead and steamed round the ships of the fleet anchored there. The Queen presented the Duke of Connaught with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Indian Empire, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. Her Majesty's dinner-party in the evening included the Crown Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, and the Dean of Windsor, had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room in the evening. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Crown Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Dean of Windsor officiated. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie had an audience of her Majesty, and left Osborne. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Princess Irene of Hesse, and others. The Duke of Connaught, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, took leave of her Majesty on Monday morning at half-past eight o'clock on his departure for India. He was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse to Trinity pier, where the Crown Princess of Germany took leave of him when embarking on board her Majesty's yacht *Elfin*. He was saluted by the men-of-war at Spithead, and the flag-ship at Portsmouth. The Queen conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon the following named Nursing Sisters:—Sister Louisa Jane Mackay, served in the campaign against the Boers in South Africa, and also in Egypt; Sister A. B. Holland, temporary nurse, served with general efficiency in the hospitals at Netley, Chatham, and Portsmouth; Sisters Edith King and Emma Durham, employed during the late Zulu War by the Stafford House Committee and in hospital work in different parts of the country. Sir Charles Mills, K.C.M.G., arrived at Osborne and presented to her Majesty, on behalf of the ostrich farmers and ladies of Cape Colony and the ladies of Capetown, a pair of fans composed of 963 ostrich feathers, mounted upon standards made of South African ivory and gold. Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. The Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria of Prussia visited her Majesty in the afternoon. On Tuesday morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Osborne from Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and their three daughters, Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Wednesday afternoon from the Royal yacht *Osborne* at Cowes. Prince George of Wales left Marlborough House for Gibraltar on Thursday to resume his duties as a Lieutenant on board her Majesty's ship *Dreadnought*. The Prince accompanied him on board the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship *Rosetta*, and there took leave of him at the Royal Albert Docks, returning to London. The Prince and Princess, with whom were their three daughters, visited the Eisteddfod meeting at the Albert Hall yesterday week. As joint president of the day, the Prince occupied the carved oaken chair of honour. Replying to an address, he expressed a hope that at no distant date it might be in his power to visit the Principality. On Saturday the Prince presided at a meeting at Marlborough House of the Royal Commission for promoting the Centennial Exhibition which it is proposed to hold in Melbourne in 1888. His Royal Highness, attended by the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt, left in the evening for Homburg. The Princess and her daughters likewise left in the afternoon for Port Victoria, where they embarked on board the Royal yacht *Osborne* for Copenhagen, arriving there on Tuesday. The Prince arrived at Homburg on Sunday evening, and immediately paid a visit to the Empress of Germany.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and family, attended by Lady Emma Osborne and Colonel Poore, arrived at Victoria Station, on Monday, from Cowes, Isle of Wight. The Duchess, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Russian Ambassador, and attended by her suite, was present at the performance of "The Bells of Haslemere," at the Adelphi Theatre, in the evening.

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived at the Fife Arms Hotel, Braemar, on Thursday week. His Royal and Imperial Highness frequently acknowledged the salutes of the crowd which awaited his arrival. He was met on behalf of the Queen by Dr. Profett. The Crown Prince, who is still staying at Braemar, was visited on Monday by the Earl of Fife, from Mar Lodge. His Imperial Highness drove to the Falls of the Garrawalt, and in the evening took a long walk. The Crown Princess paid a visit to Sir Charles and Lady Robinson, at Newton Manor, Swanage, last Saturday afternoon. Her Royal Highness landed from one of the Royal yachts at the pier,

where carriages were in waiting to convey the Royal visitor, who was accompanied by Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby, Count Seckendorff, and ladies of her Royal Highness's suite, to Sir Charles's seat. After partaking of tea the party drove to Durlstone Head, where some elaborate promenade works are being carried out by Mr. G. Burt, and afterwards to the disused quarry known as Tillywhim. Her Royal Highness expressed herself charmed with the scenery. This is the second visit which the Crown Princess has paid to Sir Charles Robinson.—Prince Henry of Prussia, the second son of the Crown Prince, betrothed to Princess Irene of Hesse-Darmstadt, a daughter of the late Princess Alice, completed his twenty-fifth year on Sunday.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal, arrived on Thursday week at Taymouth Castle, Perthshire, from Oban. After luncheon at the castle their Royal Highnesses drove to Loch Kennard Lodge on a visit to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. There have also arrived at the Lodge the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, Princes Henry and Jean d'Orléans, and Princess Marguerite and suite.

Princess Mary Adelaide and Princess Victoria of Teck left last Saturday for St. Moritz, and will spend some weeks in Switzerland. The Duke of Teck and his sons have gone on a tour in Ireland.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the honour of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George upon T. H. Sanderson, Esq., C.B., of the Foreign Office.—Her Majesty has approved the appointment of Mr. W. G. Seymour Vesey Fitzgerald, C.S.I., Political Aide-de-Camp to the Secretary of State for India, to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.—Mr. J. B. Richey, C.S.I., has been appointed a member of the Council of the Governor of Bombay, in the room of Sir Maxwell Melville, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., deceased.—The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., of the North-Eastern Circuit, to the office of Temporal Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham, vacant by the death of Mr. James Fleming, Q.C. Mr. Bruce is also Recorder of Bradford and Attorney-General for the County Palatine of Durham.—It has been announced in Dublin that the Queen had conferred baronetcies on Mr. William Ewart, M.P. for Belfast, and Mr. Edward Hudson Kinahan, of Dublin.

The Queen has been pleased to signify her intention of conferring the honour of knighthood upon each of the following gentlemen:—Mr. J. A. Puleston, M.P., chairman of the General Committee of the Welsh Eisteddfod; Mr. C. J. Pearson, Procurator for the Church of Scotland; Mr. H. M'Andrew, Provost of Inverness; the Mayor of Cardiff; and Mr. H. Rainalds, for many years Consul at Brest.—Mr. J. R. Wigham, of the firm of Messrs. Edmundson and Co., of Dublin and London, hon. secretary of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, and the inventor of lighthouse illuminants, has declined the Jubilee knighthood which was offered to him.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN THE FAR EAST.

Our correspondent, the naval chaplain of H.M.S. *Audacious*, the Rev. Robert O'D. Ross-Lewin, sends us from Yokohama, Japan, on June 24, a sketch of the torchlight procession along the Bund on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee celebration. June 21 was observed with great spirit by the inhabitants of Yokohama. A crowded congregation was present in the church at the morning service specially held. After Divine service, the day was given up to amusements and festivities of various kinds. Athletic sports were held on the cricket-ground; but the most exciting event was a tug-of-war between American and English bluejackets. The Americans won the first tug, but were defeated in two trials afterwards; the struggle was very severe. The French, American, Russian, and Austrian ships fired Royal salutes during the day, the harbour being full of ships. A grand ball and supper took place in the evening; when a speech was delivered by Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Minister, and great enthusiasm prevailed. In the early morning, a procession, chiefly of bluejackets, escorted with torches the English inhabitants of Tokio (Jedo) to the railway station, passing along the Bund. The town was illuminated, and the Japanese appeared to be quite in sympathy with the English residents.

We are indebted likewise to a correspondent at Singapore, who was one of the Jubilee Committee there, for sending a series of photographs, taken by Mr. Lambert, photographic artist, of the scenes at the celebration. The official ceremonies performed on June 27 included the unveiling, by Governor Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G., of the statue of Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore in 1819. His Excellency, attired in full uniform, was accompanied by Tunku Alam, grandson of Sultan Mohammed Shah, who at that period ceded Singapore to the English; and by the Sultan of Johore, and other Malay chiefs. Lady Weld was present; the Hon. J. F. Dickson, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary, and the Hon. H. Trotter, Auditor-General, were with the Governor. Mr. Trotter was vice-president of the Jubilee Committee. The 82nd regiment, forming the garrison, were paraded on the ground, and the flagstaff of Fort Canning was dressed with flags for the occasion. In the Legislative Council a congratulatory address was voted, and was forwarded by telegram to her Majesty. The subject chosen for our Illustration is the entertainment in a wayang or Chinese theatre, on the Singapore Canal. The actors are resting during a performance. It is usual to license and charge a small fee for these theatrical performances, but on June 27, 28, and 29, the Chinese were permitted to hold wayangs everywhere free.

The death-rate of London showed an increase last week, when it rose from 21·8 to 23·3 per thousand annually. The mortality from diarrhoea, though again declining, is still largely above the average.

The Portrait of Sir J. West Ridgeway, K.C.S.I., is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker-street; and that of M. Lessar, from one by M. Walery, of Conduit-street. Our Illustration of the Bardic Chair, at the Welsh Eisteddfod, is from a photograph by Messrs. Lettsome and Sons, of Llangollen. That of the American champion racing-yacht, the *Volunteer*, is from a photograph by Mr. Joseph Hall, of the Windsor Portrait Studio, Fulton-street, Brooklyn, New York.

The *Irex* was last week declared the winner of the first prize in the Jubilee yacht-race of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the *Anemone* being placed second on time allowance, and the *Dauntless* third.—The Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Jubilee race was concluded on Saturday, the Foxhound taking the principal prize on time allowance, the *Irex* taking the best of the classified prizes, and the *Neptune* the next.—Some of the finest cutter contests on record may be found in the racing annals of the Royal Albert Yacht Club for the Albert Cup, and Monday's sailing adds lustre to the roll. After a capital race, *Neptune* won the cup by between two and three minutes. *Vol-au-Vent* took the second prize of £40, and *Irex* the third prize of £10. The rest of the programme was of ordinary character. On Tuesday the racing was of a rather uninteresting character, owing to the light and variable wind. The *Genesta* took the first prize in the principal event of the day.

WORCESTERSHIRE JUBILEE REVIEW.

The loyal county of Worcester, headed by its Lord Lieutenant, Earl Beauchamp, with the High Sheriff, Mr. W. Everitt, celebrated the Queen's Jubilee with great spirit in the week before last. The city of Worcester, Alderman Holland being Mayor this year, had already had its Jubilee week of municipal and popular festivity, but joined with the county gathering, held there, in again commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign. On the Tuesday, a grand county ball took place in the Shirehall. Two or three days later, there was a special Thanksgiving service at the Cathedral, conducted by the Dean and Canons, with the Bishop of Worcester. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who had come on a visit to the Lord Lieutenant, and as Commander-in-Chief was to witness an important review of the military forces of the county, attended the service with Lord and Lady Beauchamp, Lady Lyttelton, and Lady Windsor. The Mayor and Corporation were there in state; and there was a guard of honour, with various detachments of troops, numbering 700 men, who formed part of the congregation. The old colours of the 3rd Worcestershire Regiment were presented by Colonel T. C. Norbury, C.B., to the Dean and Chapter, to be preserved in the Cathedral. After this ceremony, the grand review was held on Pitchcroft, where about 10,000 spectators were admitted, by payment, to the reserved stands, while 30,000 or 40,000 more assembled outside. The troops marched to the ground with bands playing and colours flying. They mustered in all 4682, consisting of 3628 infantry, 708 artillery, and 346 cavalry, besides 140 cavalry who kept the ground. They were composed of the 2nd battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment (formerly the 36th Infantry of the Line) from Portsmouth, under Colonel Watson; the 3rd and 4th battalions Worcestershire Militia, under Colonel Norbury and Colonel R. Prescott Decie; the 1st Worcestershire Volunteer Battalion, under Colonel Sir F. Wynn Knight, K.C.B.; the 2nd Worcestershire Volunteer Battalion, under Colonel Victor Milward; the 1st Worcestershire Artillery Volunteers, under Colonel C. R. Lyne; and the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, under Colonel Lord Lyttelton. For the purposes of the review the infantry were formed into two brigades, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Worcestershire Battalions composing the first, under Colonel Carr, with Major Clarke as Brigade Major, and the 1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions being combined in the second brigade, under Colonel Sir F. W. Knight, with Captain Holwell as Brigade Major. Major-General Lyons, C.B., had command of the division. The Duke of Cambridge (Commander-in-Chief) rode on to the review ground, attended by Earl Beauchamp and Major-General Lyons. The staff of his Royal Highness comprised General Lyons and General Stephenson, with Colonel Clarke and Colonel Fremantle as equerries. The movements performed were of a very simple character; they proceeded to march past in column of troops, batteries, and companies, and returned in line of quarter columns, by brigades. Some minor movements were executed, and the infantry and artillery retired to the east side of the review ground, where they were allowed to rest, while the Worcestershire Yeomanry went through a series of ordinary field movements. This diversion being concluded, the division advanced in review order, the Volunteer battalions being on the left, the second, third, and fourth battalions of the Worcestershire Regiment in the centre, the artillery next, and the cavalry on the extreme right. Finally, the division was drawn up in three sides of a square, in front of the saluting base, and the Duke of Cambridge addressed the officers and troops, commending especially the Yeomanry, the Artillery, and the Volunteers, for their appearance and performance. Refreshments were given to the troops on the ground. Our Illustration of the review is from one of a series of photographs by Messrs. T. Bennett and Son, photographic artists and miniature-painters, of Worcester and Great Malvern. The officers of the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry entertained the Duke of Cambridge and two hundred invited guests with luncheon at the Shirehall; after which his Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone for the pedestal of a memorial statue of the Queen, and speeches were made by several of the noblemen and gentlemen present. The proceedings were altogether of a county character, and were of much interest in Worcestershire.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, Oxford-street, on Tuesday, the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, second son of the Marquis of Salisbury, was married to Lady Florence Mary Bootle-Wilbraham, second daughter of the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household. The bridegroom came early, accompanied by his brother, Lord Robert Cecil, as best man. Soon afterwards the eight bridesmaids assembled: they were Ladies Maud and Bertha Bootle-Wilbraham, sisters of the bride; Lady Guendolen Cecil, sister of the bridegroom; Lady Betty Lytton, Miss Edith Burges; Hon. Isabel Stanley, and Hon. Constance Russell, cousins of the bride; and Lady Edith Drummond. They wore dresses of primrose satin, draped with white gauze, and bonnets to match. Each wore a diamond daisy brooch, with pearl centre, the bridegroom's gift, and carried a bouquet of yellow and white flowers, principally composed of orchids, glloxias, and white roses. The bride entered the church, accompanied by her father, punctually at 2.30. Her dress was of white poulte de soie, plainly made, and trimmed with Brussels lace and orange-blossoms, and she wore a spray of the same flowers in her hair, and a tulle veil, fastened with diamond stars, the gift of the Marchioness of Salisbury. Her ornaments included, also, a diamond rivière, the gift of her parents, and diamond earrings, the present of her brother, Lord Skelmersdale. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Lathom, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bootle-Wilbraham (the bride's grandmother), the Dowager Countess Craven, and Lord Skelmersdale, Royal Horse Guards, occupied seats near the chancel. The Bishop of St. Albans officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Blundell, Rector of Halsall, Ormskirk, and the Rev. William T. Houldsworth; Vicar of St. Andrew's, the Earl of Lathom giving his daughter away. Among the bride's numerous wedding presents was a beautiful Indian shawl, the gift of the Queen.

The marriage of Viscount Raincliffe, only son of the Earl and Countess of Lonsborough, and Lady Grace Fane, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, was solemnised in St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, on the 11th inst., in the presence of a large assemblage of the members of both families. The bridegroom was accompanied by the Hon. Arthur Walsh, M.P., as best man; and there were six bridesmaids—namely, Lady Margaret Fane, sister of the bride, Lady Lilian and Lady Mildred Denison, sisters of the bridegroom, Ladies Susan and Clodagh Beresford, and Miss Rachel Weigall, cousins of the bride. The bride entered the church at half-past two with her father, who gave her away. The service was choral.

The Royal Academicians have elected from among their body Mr. Philip H. Calderon as Keeper, in place of Mr. Pickersgill, who has resigned the post.

A HAPPY VALLEY.

I have found out the home of most of the civil Swiss waiters who attend to us at the best London restaurants. I have discovered the summer dwelling-place of the good-natured fellows who sell chesnuts in the street-corners of Paris every winter. Well may they wear a pleasant smile on their faces, and go about their work with such evident content, for they have their homes in a smiling valley where the sun always seems to shine. The humble wood cottages where their parents dwell are surrounded by vineyards and waterfalls and acres of wild flowers. A rushing stream, cool from the glaciers, tumbles over the stones in the bed of the mountain torrent, and lulls them to sleep; and, in the heat of the day, on the broken stone walls that surround the little acres of pasturage that they own, green lizards bask in the sun, or dart at the approach of a footstep into the first convenient shelter, whether wall or long flower-strewn grass. The debateable ground between Switzerland and Italy is not sufficiently well known by the English traveller. The cantons of Berne and Uri we know by heart. The land of William Tell, with its lakes and mountains, is as familiar to most of us as the Rhine itself. But the canton of Ticino and the Valley of Blénio, the pastoral land that gave up to us years ago the Gattis and Monicos and Bollas and all their countless relatives, who have shown London what thrift and industry can do, is, comparatively, a closed book to the lover of the picturesque. Weary of Lucerne, its feverish excursions and forced gaiety, tired for the moment of the hotel life of Righi land, I put myself into the St. Gothard train, rushed through the tunnel, and was safely deposited at Biasca, at the lower end of the lovely valley of the Blénio. All these places, Biasca and Bellinzona and the like, have an Italian sound, and they, as well as their inhabitants, borrow more of the graceful courtesy of Italy than from the rough and determined manner of the Swiss; but in reality this canton of Ticino is Swiss in heart and sentiment.

The experience of an isolated day in the beautiful valley of Blénio may not be uninteresting to such as take their summer pleasure by rushing up Swiss mountains, tearing along the borders of sun-struck lakes, and arriving home to swallow an uncomfortable dinner and to dance till they drop in the hall of a Swiss hotel. By five o'clock the sun is stealing across the top fringe of the cool valley. All night there has been a roar of rushing waters over the bed of the mountain torrent, grateful because of its sense of life. Truth to tell, those who love the sea and are pleased with the soothing influence of its sound resent the cold, monotonous calm of the mountain or the dazzling stillness of the placid lake. All night in the valley of the Blénio we can hear, even in our dreams, the glacier water rushing and roaring over the boulders and the dash of the waterfall at the back of the white-washed cottage, among the chesnuts, vines, and walnut-trees. It is a Catholic valley, and the villagers commence their day with prayer. In primitive fashion, the church bell rings for mass when the sun has risen up to a certain angle of the mountain range; and, similarly, when the daylight has died down to a certain belt of pines the priest has ordered the signal to be given for benediction. The household is stirring early, but with no unnecessary fuss or confusion to the guests. No wearisome host rings a bell to summon his guests to an aldermanic repast of chops and steaks when the day is scarcely warm; but one of the peasant maids, who has been up at cockcrow, brings up a cup of cocoa, with a small loaf of home-made bread and butter displayed on a freshly-gathered vine-leaf. The boys, who have slept the sleep of the innocent, are clamouring for a bath before the day is oppressively hot. Where shall we go? Not to the ice-cold water of the glacier torrent that forces its way through the valley, but to one of the transparent pools in the intervals of the Dongia waterfall. It is a delicious walk under the cool chesnut-trees to the valley cascade. The peasants are engaged on their third hay harvest this year; the women are threshing out the corn with an old-fashioned flail, on a sheet spread under the trees; the good priest, who had said mass hours ago, has assumed a straw hat instead of a biretta, and is directing a watercourse through his cottage garden; the lizards are darting among the stones, and the bees are busy in the clover-covered grass. And what a bath it is in that transparent pool, half-way up the mountain, with a douche of waterfall, a few strokes of swimming, and, after all is over, a delicious rest in the long, green grass, the senses soothed with scent of wild mint and thyme and bee-kissed clover-blossom!

Breakfast is a great institution in the Ticino Valley. All the householders have caves or grottoes built in the coolest spot, out of the sun. Here they store their wine in huge vats; and attached to every wine-cave is a simply-constructed stone arbour, overarched with vines, set about with tables and benches, all of stone. Hither the girls have brought up the morning meal from the house, fish from the river, honey from the hills, fruit from the trees; and the cellars, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, fills a cool jar of red wine from the vats *ab imo cavernæ*. Horace or Mæcenas could not have enjoyed a sweeter meal on the Sabine Farm than we do under the vine-shelter of our happy home at Dongia.

But the valley of Blénio is not wholly without its points of attraction and interest. Our hostess insists that, as we have breakfasted out of doors or *sub Jove*, so we shall dine. So a carriage is ordered out to take us to another grotto on the hills half way up the valley to Olivone, where a rotund host will be ready to unpack our provisions in the cool shade of a pine forest, and to show us mountain paths to Dissentis, or Lockomano, or Santa Maria, the Hospice, or to Andermatt, if we will return to civilisation that way, and delighting to point out glaciers and mountain tops hitherto unexplored by the Alpine Club.

And we pass on our road to the evening meal a really delightful spot that should be better known than it is. The valley of the Blénio has its water-cure, the already famous Acque Rossa or red water, so-called from the ferruginous and arsenical spring that the Italian doctors are earnestly recommending for tone to the system and advantage to the skin. But mineral springs are nothing without an hotel, so, as if by magic, there has been erected at Acqua Rossa only a short drive from Biasca, on the St. Gothard railway—a comfortable and charmingly situated hotel, where invalids can live for next to nothing, and live well on the good things of this earth, in a deliciously bracing atmosphere. Acqua Rossa is but little known at present, but it is certain that water-drinkers might go further and fare much worse. Half the value of water cures is discipline, and here, at the top of the valley, we find a bracing atmosphere, and silence that literally can be felt. Away we go, some on foot, some in carriages from the hotel terrace at Acqua Rossa, and after a delightful ramble among the pines and the wild flowers, arrive back in Dongia just as the sun is leaving the valley and saying good-night to the villagers. The bell of the village church is ringing for the beautiful service known as Benediction, and most of the peasants creep to the cool cloister before darkness closes round them. No need for hats or cloaks or bonnets. The ladies, sheltered only by their parasols, come out of the house, and make their way to evening service and join the simple villagers in their earnest thanksgiving before the day is done.

The last hymn sung and the last prayer said, out go the candles on the altar, the peasants leave some tribute of wild flowers at a favourite shrine, and priest and congregation wend their way together up the silent valley, to their appointed homes. Good-night and mutual blessings are interchanged, and by half past nine we are all in our rooms half way to slumberland.

I stand at my open window at the hour of closing night in the silent, happy valley. Not a sound but the chirp of the grasshopper and the ceaseless roar of the mountain torrent. One by one the stars come out, and, as it is August time, they start across the heavens and disappear into endless space. What a difference this to the rush and roar of the Strand, to the cries of evening papers, and the confusion of cabs! What a relief to the Babel of sound that is the fringe of most of our working lives! I listen, listen, listen, and the silence is almost awful. More stars now, and now the silent moon. Here I stand, looking upon these mountains, lulled by these waterfalls, overpowered by the sense of sleep around me, and as Margaret says in the play, "thinking, thinking, thinking." I cannot shut out the peace of the "Happy Valley," and here I am, folded round with the soft mantle of delicious sleep. C. S.

THE NORSE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

In the great American Exhibition at West Brompton there is a special Court, occupied by maps, charts, books, and other articles, serving to illustrate a very interesting historical question. An American lady, Miss Marie Brown, has formed this instructive collection, "The Norse Exhibit," for the worthy purpose of teaching us, as she has laboured to teach her own countrymen, the signal merits of the ancient Scandinavian race of ocean rovers, especially the Norsemen of Iceland, in discovering some portion of North America, as well as Greenland, five centuries before the time of Columbus. This fact, stated in general terms, has long been recognised, and has become, to a greater extent than she seems to be aware of, a commonplace lesson of geographical history. But Miss Marie Brown's zeal for its promulgation in the United States is now stimulated by apparent jealousy of a recent proposal to hold at Chicago, in 1892, a festival commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the achievement of the Genoese navigator. She further takes offence at the rumour of a design being entertained also in Europe to celebrate that event by a memorial voyage from the Spanish port of Palos to San Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands, following the course of Columbus. We do not feel called upon to sympathise with this lady's indignation. It is for the people of the United States to consider whether their community owes any national gratitude either to Columbus, who never approached any part of their shores, or to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, who provided that illustrious mariner with vessels in which he reached the West Indies and "the Spanish Main." Chicago, an inland city far enough from the Atlantic, seems rather an inappropriate place for such a commemoration; but British public opinion has no business to interfere with it. Miss Marie Brown, however, may be assured by us that in England and Scotland there is no disposition to underrate or to forget the contributions of the Norwegian and Danish elements to the existing British nationality; and that competent scholars among us have not, in the present age of wide and accurate studies, neglected to appreciate Scandinavian history and literature. We could wish, indeed, that these subjects were more amply provided for at the English Universities, as we hope they soon will be; and that an acquaintance with the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish languages were not so rare an accomplishment as it is with persons of literary taste.

Miss Marie Brown, who has visited Sweden and Norway, has studied their literary antiquities, and has many personal acquaintances in those nations, delivered a course of lectures at the Conduit-street Gallery in March last, and is just now lecturing to the Balloon Society at the Royal Aquarium. She has recently published a small volume, "The Icelandic Discoverers of America," dedicated to Mrs. John Morgan Richards, which contains much that is instructive, especially the abundant passages extracted from authors of good repute who have treated of Scandinavian history, mixed with her own discussions of other topics, such as the ecclesiastical, religious, moral, and social condition of Europe in general, and the comparative value of Norse pagan worship and virtue, and of mediæval and modern Christianity. We can by no means agree with the opinions that she freely expresses upon any of these questions. It is hardly necessary to say that we detest, as she does, the Spanish Inquisition and the despotic Spanish Monarchy of the sixteenth century; but to make Columbus responsible for the misdeeds of Philip II., either in Spain or in America or in the Netherlands, does not appear to us quite just. Nor can we admit that she is able to bring any sufficient proof of her direct charge against Columbus, that he dishonestly concealed, up to 1492, the knowledge he had gained in Iceland, in 1477, of what the Northmen had discovered, and that he sought to deprive them of the credit for their discoveries. This charge is effectively answered by pointing out the fact that Columbus had no expectation of discovering any such new continent as America, but of reaching the Indies and Cathay and the remotest parts of Asia by a western route. Instead of sailing to the north-west, as he would have done if he meant to avail himself of the information he had got concerning Greenland and "Vinland," he steered first due south to the Canaries, and thence crossed the Atlantic westward, rather to the south of due west, seeking tropical latitudes; and he had no reason whatever to suppose that a continental shore beyond would prevent him from continuing on the same course to the East Indies. The actual performance of Columbus was certainly productive of enormous practical results; while the results of the performance of Leif Erikson, who saw the shore of Massachusetts, as well as those of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, were not important either to American or to European civilisation. Still, we heartily join with the authoress of this treatise in her wish to render "honour to whom honour is due."

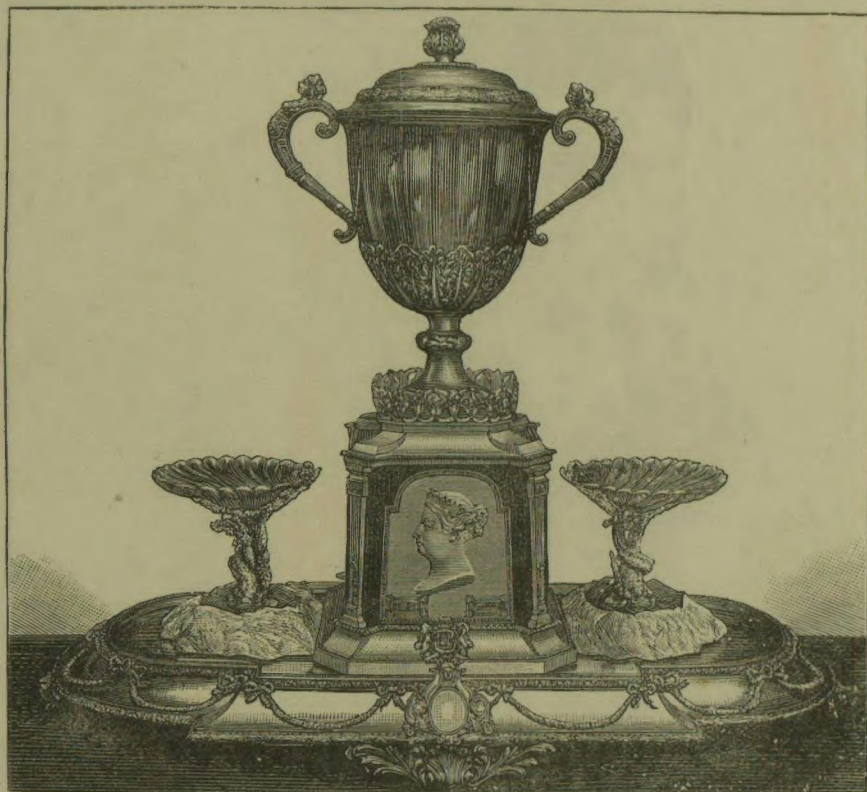
ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE TROPHY.

This handsome trophy was to be raced for off Nova Scotia on Aug. 15. It is a massive silver loving-cup, supported by dolphins bearing two escalloped shells in glass. It rests on a richly-ornamented plateau, 26 in. long by 14 in. wide, and the total height is 24 inches. On one side of the base is a medallion portrait of Queen Victoria, with the Jubilee dates 1837 and 1887; on the other side are yachts under full sail, with the foliage of the maple and birch trees in the background. On each side of the cup are enamelled, in relief, the burgee of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, and the flag of the city of Halifax, crossed; underneath are the following words: "Presented in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee by the citizens of the city of Halifax and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron." The total weight of silver used was 191 oz., and the work, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of No. 18, Poultry, E.C., has been executed in a very artistic style.

MUSIC.

COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Just four weeks after the close of Signor Lago's season of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden Theatre was re-opened by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas for his sixth season of Promenade Concerts. We have already drawn attention to the extensive arrangements made for the new series of these performances, the programmes of which appeal to tastes of various degrees. Saturday's opening concert appealed successfully to visitors of all classes. The fine orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus and conducted by Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe, gave effect to several pieces, among them having been the overture to Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," which was brilliantly played, the incidental solos having been skilfully executed by Mr. E. Howell (violin), Mr. Dubrucq (oboe), and Mr. Radcliff (flute). Selections from



JUBILEE CHALLENGE TROPHY OF THE NOVA SCOTIA YACHT CLUB.

favourite operas were also given, enhanced by the co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards. The first part of the programme included a spirited new march, "Imperial," composed by Mr. H. M. Higgs; a graceful piece, "Le Chant des Syrènes" (for strings only), by R. C. Gallico; a sprightly gavotte, by Czibulka; and "Cynthia"—truly, "a right merry dance"—by M. Watson; the instrumental music having also comprised violin and cornet solos, admirably rendered, respectively, by Mr. Carrodus and Mr. Howard Reynolds.

A specialty of the evening was Mr. Crowe's new vocal waltz, entitled "Gypsies," in which the orchestra was associated with Mr. Stedman's well-trained choir of boys and girls. The piece is exceedingly melodious and graceful, with a touch of distinct character; and the bright singing of the young choristers, in their picturesque gipsy costumes, with tambourines and castanets, gave due effect to music that will doubtless prove continuously popular.

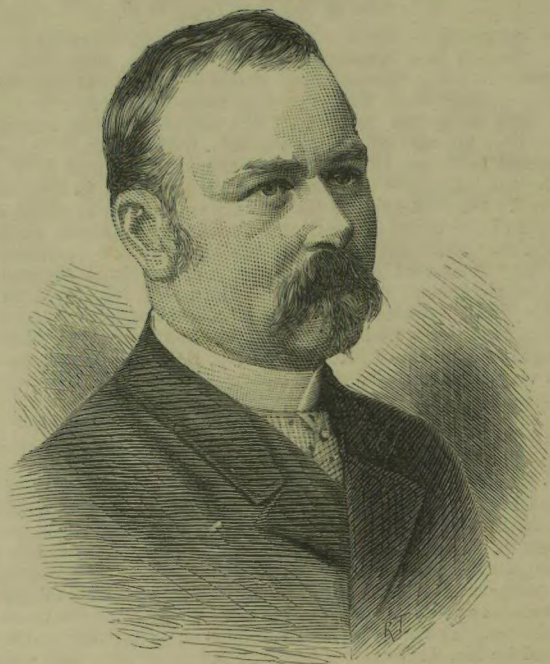
Madame Valleria made a great impression by her excellent delivery of Mr. H. J. Edwards's pleasing song, "The Vigil," Madame Enriquez having given good effect to Paul Rodney's nautical song, "Alone on the Raft." Successful vocal performances also were those of Mr. Walter Clifford, in Hope Temple's song, "Tis all that I can say," and Mr. H. Picery, in Sir Arthur Sullivan's pathetic song, "Sweethearts." Among the vocal pieces of the evening was a telling new patriotic song, "The Empire Flag," composed by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, and very effectively sung by Mr. Walter Clifford. Other attractive features combined to sustain the interest of an audience that crowded every part of the theatre, the interior of which presented a charming appearance from the contrasts of the electric lights and the delicate hues of the fairy lamps.

This (Saturday) evening another series of promenade concerts is to begin, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Signor Arditi as conductor, and Mr. Frye Parker as leader of the orchestra.

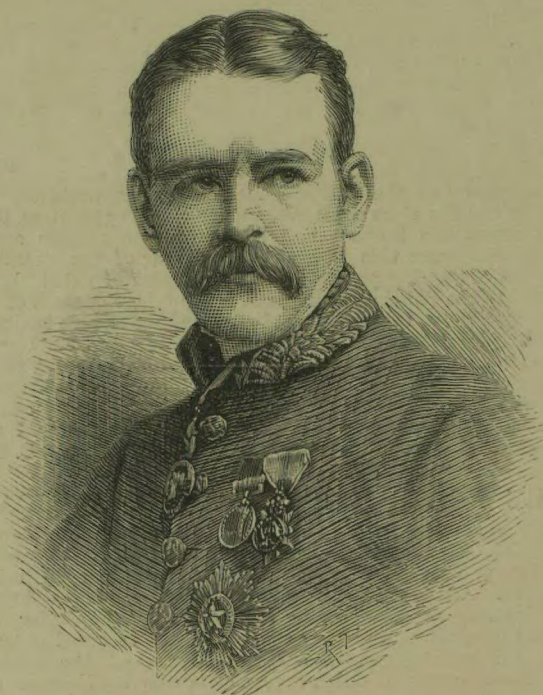
M. Pasdeloup died during last week. He was the conductor of the celebrated "Concerts Populaires" at Paris, where he introduced much classical music that had before been comparatively unknown there. His influence on the spread of French musical taste has been considerable.

In last week's issue there was a mistake in the naming of the vessels in the large illustration on pages 206-207, entitled "The Naval Manœuvres: Action off the Isle of Man, Aug. 3." The list of ships' names should be read the reverse way.

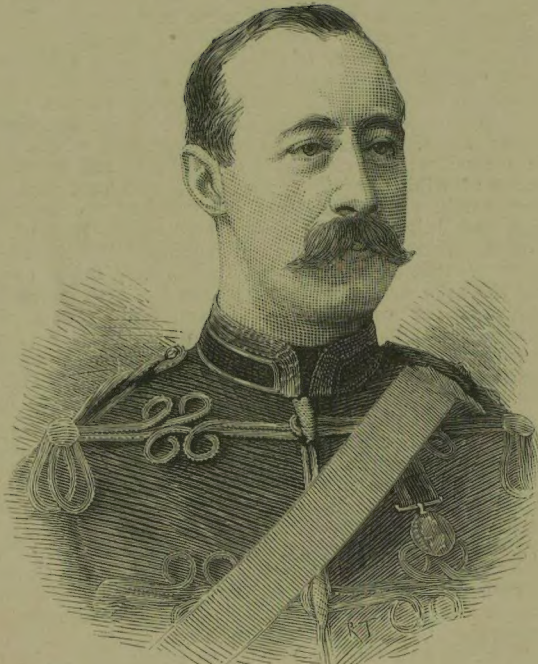
The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain John Barr, of the yacht Thistle, of Glasgow, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the survivors of the shipwrecked crew of the steam-ship Harkaway of London, which foundered off the Smalls on May 20.



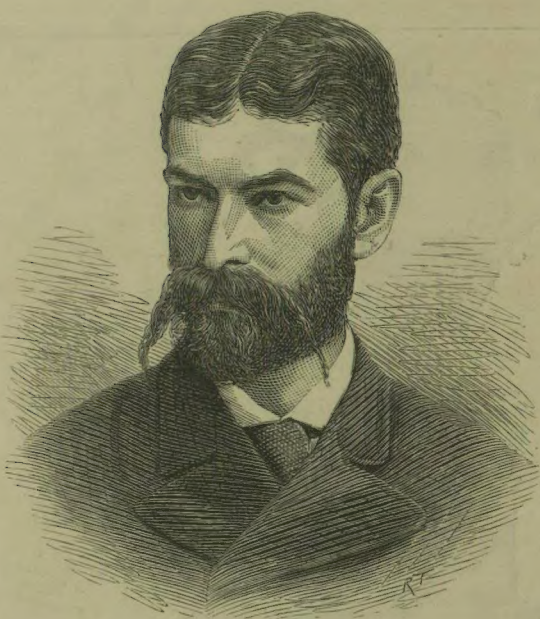
CAPTAIN A. F. DE LÁSSOE.



SIR J. WEST RIDGEWAY, K.C.S.I.



CAPTAIN A. F. BARROW, BENGAL STAFF CORPS.



M. PAUL LESSAR.



COLONEL KUHMBERG.



M. ZINOVIEFF.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS.



WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY REVIEW AT PITCHCROFT, WORCESTER, IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.



ONE OF THE NEW AFGHAN BOUNDARY PILLARS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1837), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12 following), of Lady Caroline Emily Nevill, eldest daughter of William, fourth Earl of Abergavenny, and sister of the Marquis of Abergavenny, late of Malling House, West Malling, Kent, who died on Feb. 23 last, at Lowndes-square, was proved on the 22nd ult. by the Hon. Ralph Pelham Nevill, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £91,000. The testatrix leaves her house, No. 38, Lowndes-square, to her said brother; the Comp estate in the parish of Platt at Wrotham-common and her freehold cottages and land at Malling to the use of her said brother, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; her plate with the Lecke arms engraved on Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Meyrick Lecke; £20,000, upon trust, for her sister Lady Henrietta Augusta Mostyn, for life, then £2500 thereout to each of her nephews, Llewelyn Nevill Vaughan Mostyn and Henry Richard Howell Mostyn, and the remainder of the said sum to her said brother; £20,000, upon trust, for her sister Lady Isabel Mary Frances Bligh, for life, then as to £3000 thereof for Rosalind Wingfield Stratford, and as to the remaining £17,000 for her said brother; her freehold house, known as the Rose Coffee-Tavern, Swan-lane, Malling, to her friend, Mrs. Helen Prevost, for life, then to her said brother, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, in tail male; £5000, upon trust, for the said Mrs. Helen Prevost, for life, and then to her brother, and her reason for giving such legacy is that the said coffee-tavern is not self-supporting; her string of pearls to her sister-in-law, Lady Abergavenny, to be held as a heirloom; her diamond brooch to her said brother, Ralph Pelham, to be held as a heirloom; £500 per annum to her friend Edith Howard, until her marriage, and then a capital sum of £2000; £2000 to her friend Helen Howard; £100 each to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Maidstone Infirmary; and numerous other legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to relatives, god-daughters, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her brother, the said Hon. Ralph Pelham Nevill.

The will (dated April 7, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Spalding, formerly of the firm of Spalding and Hodge, paper-makers, Drury-lane, late of Ore Place, Hastings, who died on June 27 last, was proved on the 8th inst. by Mrs. Elizabeth Spalding, the widow, Andrew Holmes Reed, John Hall Gladstone, D.P., and Augustus Churchill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £1000, a further sum of £10,000, an annuity of £2000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife; £1000 to his grandson, Leonard Lewis Spalding Higgs; £2000, upon trust, for each of his grand-daughters, Mabel Florence Hailton Higgs and Winifred Grace Spalding Higgs; and £200 to each of his executors, Mr. Reed, Dr. Gladstone, and Mr. Churchill. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, except his son Samuel. Advances made to his children are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated July 8, 1880) of Mr. John Floyer, J.P., D.L., for many years M.P. for Dorset, late of No. 5, Old Palace-yard, Westminster, and of West Stafford, near Dorchester, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 8th inst. by Mrs. Georgina Charlotte Frances Floyer, the widow, and George William Floyer, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testator bequeaths pecuniary legacies, amounting to £3500, to his wife, in addition to some specific bequests to her: £100 to the County Hospital, Dorchester; and legacies to relatives, godsons, coachman, gardener, butler, and others. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves to his said son.

The will of Cécile Julie Thérèse Delessert, Comtesse de Nadailac, late of No. 15, Rue Raynour, Passy, Paris, who died on March 2 last, was proved in London on the 3rd inst. by Eugène Joseph Desmarest and Guillaume Edmond Loisele, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £37,000. The testatrix, subject to a few legacies and annuities, gives a life-interest in the whole of her estate to her mother, Madame Gabriel Delessert, and at her death to her brother, Edouard Delessert. At her brother's death she gives considerable legacies to relatives and others, and the ultimate residue to her cousin-german, the Marquis Laborde, for his absolute property.

The will (dated July 30, 1881), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1886), of Mr. Cecil Frederick Holmes, J.P., late of The Druries, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who died on April 25 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Gerald Frederick Holmes and Henry Carlyle Holmes, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testator devises all his manors, messuages, and hereditaments in the counties of Tyrone, Cavan, and Armagh, and the residue of his real estate in Ireland charged with the payment of £400 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Constantia Louisa Holmes, with £100 per annum to each of his daughters, Constance Sydney Swettenham and Violet Marion Holmes, and with the capital sum of £5000 for his children by his said wife, to the use of his son Gerald Frederick, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to their respective seniorities in tail. The service of plate bequeathed to him by his great-uncle is made a heirloom to go with the estate. The remainder of his plate, and all his furniture, jewellery, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, and £200 he bequeaths to his wife; and certain mortgage moneys and stock, amounting to £10,600, to go with his said settled estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his sons, Henry Carlyle, Marcus Edward, and Nigel Trevor.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1885) of Mr. Henry Parton, late of Ightham, Kent, who died on June 24 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Richard Turner Tatham, and John Broomfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator gives his freehold residence, with the furniture and effects, to Mrs. Jane Forwood; £1000 to his brother, Alfred, on this lady's death; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Forwood, for life, and then for her seven daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1886) of Mrs. Mary Hannah Diana Evans, late of Bulkeley House, Englefield Green, Surrey, who died on June 26 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Miss Elizabeth Ann Carter and Francis Stephen Clayton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testatrix gives £350 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for a life-boat, to be called the George Evans, to be stationed at Liverpool, or at some part of the river Mersey, of which her late husband, Admiral George Evans, was for thirty-four years Conservator; £100 each to the Royal Naval Female School (St. Margaret's, Isleworth), the Royal Naval School (New-cross), and the Cottage Hospital (Englefield Green); the bust of Sir John Pennefather, K.C.B., to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to be placed in the Hall; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to her own and her late husband's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her niece, Mary Giffard.

OBITUARY.

LORD DE RAMSEY.

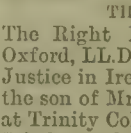
The Right Hon. Edward Fellowes, first Lord De Ramsey, of Ramsey Abbey, in the county of Huntingdon, died at his residence in Belgrave-square, on the 9th inst. He was born, April 14, 1809, the second son of the late Mr. William Henry Fellowes, of Ramsey Abbey; was M.P. for Huntingdonshire, 1837 to 1880; and was created Baron De Ramsey on July 5 in the present year. He married, July 22, 1845, the Hon. Mary Julia, eldest daughter of George John, fourth Lord Sondes, and by her he had, with other issue, an elder son, William Henry Fellowes, M.P., now second Lord De Ramsey, born May 16, 1848, married, July 12, 1877, to Lady Rosamond Jane Frances Spencer Churchill, second daughter of John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, K.G., and has issue.

THE COUNTESS OF DARTREY.

The Right Hon. Augusta, Countess of Dartrey, died on the 9th inst., at 30, Curzon-street, aged sixty-four. Her Ladyship, who was second daughter of Mr. Edward Stanley, of Cross Hall, in the county of Lancaster (of the noble house of Derby), by Lady Mary, his wife, daughter of James, Earl of Lauderdale, married, July 12, 1841, Richard, Earl of Dartrey, K.P., then Lord Cremorne, and leaves issue—four sons and one daughter, the present Countess of Ilchester.

SIR R. GREEN-PRICE, BART.

Sir Richard Green-Price, Bart., of Norton Manor, in the county of Radnor, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1876, died on the 11th inst. He was born Oct. 18, 1803, the son of Mr. George Green, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Price, of Knighton; and assumed by Royal license in 1861 the additional surname of Price, on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle, Mr. Richard Price, of Knighton, M.P. for Radnor, which borough he himself represented in three successive Parliaments up to 1868. From 1880 to 1885 he sat for Radnorshire. The baronetcy was conferred on him in 1874. Sir Richard married, first, Feb. 21, 1837, Frances-Milborough, eldest daughter of Mr. Dansey Richard Dansey, of Easton Court, Herefordshire; and secondly, July 26, 1844, Laura, daughter of Dr. Richard Henry King, of Mortlake. His son and successor, now Sir Richard Dansey Green-Price, second Baronet, born in 1838, married, in 1863, Clara Anne, only daughter of the Rev. Thomas Powell, Rector of Dorstone, and has issue.



THE RIGHT HON. MR. JUSTICE LAWSON.

The Right Hon. James Anthony Lawson, Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, LL.D., P.C., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, died on the 9th inst. He was born in 1817, the son of Mr. James Lawson, of Waterford, and was educated at Trinity College, where he was highly distinguished, being Scholar and Gold Medalist. Called to the Bar in 1840, he became Queen's Counsel in 1857, Law Adviser in 1858, Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1861 to 1863, Attorney-General 1865 to 1866, Judge of the Common Pleas in 1868, and Judge of the High Court of Justice in 1882. While retaining his seat on the Bench, he was selected to carry out, as Chief Commissioner, the provisions of the Irish Church Act; and from 1874 to 1875 acted as a Commissioner of the Great Seal of Ireland. He was also a Bencher of King's Inn, and represented Portlinton in Parliament from 1865 to 1868. He had previously stood an unsuccessful contest of the University of Dublin. This very eminent and able Judge was not only a learned and accomplished lawyer, but also a scholar of highly cultivated taste. He married, in 1842, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Merrick, of Cork, and leaves issue.

SIR MAXWELL MELVILL.

Sir Maxwell Melvill, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., member of the Bombay Council, died at Poona, on the 5th inst., aged fifty-four. He was son of the late Rev. Henry Melvill, Canon of St. Paul's; received his education at Haileybury and Trinity College, Cambridge (where he was Bell University Scholar), and entered the Bombay Civil Service in 1855. He was Judge of the High Court in that Presidency from 1869 to 1884, and afterwards a member of Council. The decoration of C.S.I. was conferred on him in 1886.

MR. BUDDICOM.

Mr. William Barber Buddicom, of Penbedw Hall, Flintshire, J.P., High Sheriff 1864, the well-known engineer, whose death is just announced, was associated with the construction of the earliest railways in England, France, and elsewhere on the Continent. He was born in 1816, the second son of the late Rev. Robert Pedder Buddicom, Principal of St. Bee's College, and married, 1845, Marie Jeanne, daughter of Captain Hownam, R.N., and leaves issue. He was Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

We have also to record the deaths of—

George Essex Montifex, Lord Drummond, only child of the late Viscount Forth, and grandson and heir apparent of the Earl of Perth and Melfort, of consumption, in one of the hospitals of New York, at the age of thirty-one.

Mr. Augustus Frederick Thistlethwayte, of 15, Grosvenor-square, on the 7th inst., aged fifty-eight. He was elder son of the late Mr. Thomas Thistlethwayte, M.P., of Southwick Park, Hants, by Tryphena, his second wife, daughter of Henry Bathurst, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, by his second wife, Grace Coote, sister of Charles Henry, the last Baron Castlecoote. He was born July 6, 1830, his godfather being the Duke of Sussex, and at the age of sixteen he joined the 85th Regiment as Ensign; he married, Jan. 21, 1852, Laura Eliza Jane Seymour, daughter of the late Captain R. H. Bill, of Billbrook, county Antrim, by his second wife. His death is much regretted in Lochaber, where he made his home for many years, and gave employment to a large number of persons. The Thistlethwayte family is descended in the male line from Charlemagne.

The fourth annual fête in aid of the Post Office Orphan Homes took place on Monday at the Alexandra Palace, and proved a great success.

Last Saturday the second or Southern division of the Artillery Volunteers took up their quarters in Shobernness Camp, in order to take part in the competitions of this week.

At the final meeting on Monday of the Leeds Committee, the Mayor presiding, it was stated that £22,000 had been contributed in the borough for the Jubilee purposes, being the largest amount subscribed in any town in the kingdom. The money raised has been apportioned to the Imperial Institute, the Yorkshire College, the Fine-Art Gallery, popular demonstrations, and the medical charities.

Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday lowered the first cylinder of a new swing-bridge across the River Dee, by which it is designed to establish direct railway communication between North Wales and the Cheshire Lines system. The right honourable gentleman thanked the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, who promoted this undertaking, for having taken action which would result in the closer union of England and Wales.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Buonapartist party celebrated the fête-day of the Imperialists in France on Monday. A letter was read at all the banquets from Prince Victor Napoleon, who announced that from that day he assumed the direction of his party.—The aeronauts, Captain Jovis and M. Mallet, ascended in a balloon last Saturday from the La Villette gasworks, and attained a height of 7000 metres, when they were obliged to descend. An illustration and account of the ascent are given in this issue.—Bordeaux has been visited by a hurricane, which wrought great havoc on the farms and vineyards, and even brought about a railway collision.

The Queen Regent of Spain, the young King, and the Infantas arrived at San Sebastian last Saturday from La Granja, and met with a loyal welcome from the inhabitants. From the station the Royal party drove through the crowded streets in an open carriage to the church, where a Te Deum was sung. The Royal family are staying at the Palace of Ayete, the property of the Duchess of Bailen.—The Naval Exhibition at Cadiz was opened on Monday by Señor Moret, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Genoa, and many other foreign visitors.

The Bills for the revision of the Constitution have received the assent of the King of the Netherlands.

King Leopold on Monday unveiled the statue of two Flemish patriots at Bruges, and delivered a long speech treating of the history of Flanders in the past, and the duties of the Belgian people in the future to preserve national life.

The Empress of Austria arrived in Ischl from Kreuth on Monday night. Her Majesty was accompanied by her daughter Princess Gisella, and her Imperial Highness's three children.

The Emperor of Germany, who appears to be in excellent health, has arrived at Babelsberg, near Potsdam, whither Prince Bismarck has gone to meet him. His Majesty has transacted State business as usual. On Monday afternoon all the members of the Royal family at Berlin and Potsdam assembled at Babelsberg. The Generals in Berlin on active service, and the commanders of the Potsdam regiments, dined with the Emperor. The Empress received a visit from the Prince of Wales at Homburg on Sunday, and left that place for Eisenach on Monday, in order to visit the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The Empress arrived on Tuesday evening at Babelsberg. Her Majesty returns in greatly improved health.—The thirteenth German Anthropological Congress has been opened at Nuremberg under the presidency of Professor Virchow, whose introductory address dealt with the development of the use of metals among various nations. The attendance is large.

Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, was the scene of a great fire on Sunday night. A thousand houses were destroyed, and two women and a child perished in the flames.

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg arrived at the Bulgarian frontier on Thursday, and was greeted by the Regents and Ministers. Pursuing his journey to Widdin he was received with a Royal salute, and, having landed, issued a manifesto to the Bulgarian people, expressing his desire to devote his life to their service. Prince Ferdinand landed at Sistova on Saturday, accompanied by the Regents and Ministers. After receiving several deputations, the Prince was entertained by the Municipality, and subsequently left for Tirnova, where he arrived late the same evening, and received a cordial welcome from the inhabitants. On Sunday, Prince Ferdinand assisted at a Te Deum in the cathedral, repairing subsequently to the Sobranje to take the oath and sign the Constitution. A proclamation by the Prince was read to the Sobranje by M. Stoiloff. After attending the old church at Tirnova on Monday, Prince Ferdinand repaired to the Sobranje and formally closed the session. The Prince has been fêted by the officers of the Tirnova garrison, by whom he was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the army at Sofia has taken the oath of allegiance.

There has been a terrible railway accident in America. It occurred on the morning of the 11th inst., on the Toledo, Peoria, and Warsaw Railway to an excursion-train going to the Niagara Falls. A bridge over the Vermillion River, near Piper City, Illinois, from some cause as yet unexplained, had caught fire, and as the train was passing over it the burning structure gave way, and the carriages were completely wrecked. A careful investigation of the results of the railway accident in Illinois shows that eighty-three persons were killed on the spot, one hundred and twenty-nine were so seriously injured that they cannot be moved, and two hundred more were badly hurt. The train having caught fire from the burning bridge, the unhurt passengers, having no water at hand, laboured for four hours heaping sods and earth, which they scooped up with their hands, upon the fire until it was extinguished.—The yacht Thistle arrived at New York on Tuesday, having made the voyage in twenty-one days twenty-one hours. In the race for the Citizens' Cup, from Cottage City to Brenton's Reef, the Volunteer won by twelve minutes, beating the Puritan, Mayflower and Atlantic. Teemer won the sculling championship of the United States and 1000 dols. by a length and a half from Haulan last Saturday. The course was in Toronto Bay.—An outbreak of Indians is reported from Colorado, the Ute tribe having taken the war-path. Troops have accordingly been ordered to hold themselves in readiness.—Sitting at Chicago, the Ancient Order of Foresters in the United States have resolved not to admit negroes to the society, and have signified this to the Supreme Court in England.

The Rev. Dr. Edgehill (the Chaplain-General to the Forces) having declined the Bishopric of Nova Scotia, the Synod has unanimously elected Dr. Perry, Bishop of Iowa, to the vacant diocese. The centenary of the establishment of the Bishopric of Nova Scotia has been celebrated at Halifax with much ceremony, advantage being taken of the opportunity to lay the foundation-stone of a new cathedral.—The Queen's Jubilee has been celebrated at St. John's, Newfoundland, with enthusiasm and heartiness, the festivities extending over two days, which were observed as public holidays.

The Cape Parliament has been prorogued, after a vote authorising the Government to negotiate the next ocean mail contract with the Union and the Castle Companies, on the basis of a subsidy of £52,000 and a passage of twenty days, with no premium for greater speed.—The Legislative Council of Natal have passed a vote allowing the Governor his full salary of £4000 for next year.

It is stated on good authority, says a Bombay telegram, that the revenue received by the Indian Government from the Burmese Ruby Mines is less than 1200 rupees per month.—Both the Maharajah Holkar of Indore and the Thakoor Sahib of Gondul acknowledge the kind reception accorded to them by the Queen and the Secretary of State for India during their Jubilee visit to England, but complain of the inferior officials.—A Simla telegram states that 70,000 persons died in the north-west provinces from cholera during June and July.

In an engagement on the 3rd inst. the troops of the Ameer of Afghanistan were defeated by the Ghilzais.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS.

We give the portraits of the British and Russian officers who have recently succeeded in bringing to a settlement the vexed question of the Afghan frontier. Colonel Sir J. West Ridgeway, K.C.S.I., the British Commissioner, to whose tact and skilful management this happy termination is mainly due, has seen much service in Afghanistan. He served with Sir Frederick Roberts throughout the Afghan campaign of 1879 and 1880, and has filled several political appointments under successive Viceroy of India. He was selected by the Marquis of Ripon to command the Indian section of the Afghan Boundary Commission in August, 1884. He held this command on the famous march from Quetta to Bala Murghab, to meet Sir Peter Lumsden, who came from England through Persia; and on the latter officer returning to England, in the spring of 1885, Sir J. West Ridgeway was appointed British Commissioner. In November, 1885, he met the Russian Commissioner at Zulikar, and during the next ten months 350 miles of frontier were demarcated. The Joint Commission only separated in view of insuperable difficulties in connection with the last few miles of the frontier line. The negotiations for the completion of these last few miles have extended over nearly eight months, during three of which the British officers were at St. Petersburg.

Captain A. F. Barrow, of the Intelligence Department, a member of Sir J. West Ridgeway's staff, had already served in Afghanistan during the last campaign. Having an excellent knowledge of the Russian language, he was selected by Sir Peter Lumsden as his private secretary, and accompanied that officer to the frontier in 1884, returning with him to London in the spring of the ensuing year.

Captain A. F. De Lássee, C.I.E., is a retired officer of the Danish Army, who entered the service of the Government of India, in the Foreign Department, seven years ago. He joined the Indian section of the mission, under Colonel Ridgeway, in August, 1884, and served under him throughout the two years and a quarter the mission was in Central Asia.

His Excellency Priy Councillor T. Zinovieff, formerly Russian Ambassador at Teheran, is the chief of the Central Asian Department of the Russian Foreign Office; and having for many years dealt with the complicated affairs of Central Asian politics, his appointment as the Russian delegate to meet Sir J. West Ridgeway was a natural and appropriate one.

Colonel P. Kuhlberg, the Russian Commissioner who aided M. Zinovieff as expert, was appointed in 1884 chief of the Russian Commission. He was at that time Principal of the Survey School at Tiflis.

M. Paul Lessar is well known in England, and is likely to become still better known, since he has lately been appointed Russian Consul at Liverpool. He is a Belgian, we believe, by birth, and was formerly a professional surveyor; he has travelled extensively in Central Asia. It was M. Lessar who was selected by the Russian Government, in 1884, to come to London to assist M. De Staal in the negotiations with the British Government for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier. In spite of very bad health, he has since been engaged as assistant to Colonel Kuhlberg in carrying out this work.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who accompanied the expedition of Sir Peter Lumsden, and many of whose sketches appeared in this Journal at the time, furnishes an illustration of one of the pillars marking the new Afghan-Russian boundary. This is Pillar No. 53; the pillars are numbered in regular order, beginning at Zulikar on the Heri-Rud, where the boundary starts from the west, and this one is on the top of a round hill, distant about sixteen miles to the west of Dowlatabad. The view is looking south, which gives a sight of the Koh-i-Baba range, with its snowy peaks. These pillars are built of brick, the bricks being generally found in the old "robats," or caravanserais, now in ruins, which were along the lines of route in former times. The pillars are erected on an earthen base, and are plastered and numbered, this one being No. 53. At present there are about sixty-five of these pillars, which have been erected to mark the line so far as it has been determined, which is as far as Andkhui. From Andkhui to Kham-i-Ab, on the Oxus, the portion of the boundary lately settled at St. Petersburg will require about a dozen more pillars, and a small expedition, it is understood, will be sent from India to look after their erection. The pillars on the now altered line, between the Khushk and the Murghab, will have to be taken down and placed again on the new line. The pillars are not all exactly alike; one or two are slightly larger than the one in our illustration; but in some places, where the boundary line has many bends, they are smaller. The erection of these boundary marks required the use of a good many camels to bring the bricks, and other materials, and employed a number of the Turkomans. The camels are of the Bactrian variety, with long shaggy hair.

The lower part of the frontier, it will be remembered, ran from a point west of the Khushk, by Chaman-i-Baid north-eastward, to a point on the Murghab below Maruchak. The Russian boundary posts already standing along this line of the frontier between the Khushk and Murghab now have to be moved forward, in pursuance of the new arrangement, about eighteen miles in a direct line nearer to Herat, giving the Russians a corresponding advance in the direction of the so-called "key of India." The new frontier will run from a place called Chahil Doktor, on the Khushk, north-eastward along the hills bordering Badghis, across the river Khushk at a point called Tur Shekh, on to a place called Karaoul Khaneh, at the junction of the small river Kaisor with the Murghab. The area of this valley pasture-land now ceded to Russia, and restored to her Sarik Turkomans, is 1830 square versts, or 814 square miles. At first, the British Government proposed to give Russia only about twenty square versts at this point. In return the Amcer receives about sixty square versts, or twenty-seven square miles, at Khoja Saleh and Kham-i-Ab. Bosaga is to be a Russian and not an Afghan post. This is the Russian account of the transaction. A glance at the latest maps, with the above particulars in hand, will give a fair idea of the new frontier.

A public meeting was held in the school-room, Miles-street, Vauxhall, last Saturday, when a resolution was passed approving of the purchase of the Lawn and Carroun House as a public park for Lambeth at the reduced price of £47,500, one half being contributed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the payment being spread over fifty years.

The archaeologists of the Cymri have resolved upon Denbigh as their place of meeting on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary next week. The president is Mr. J. T. Dillwyn Llewelyn, M.A., F.L.S., and the president-elect, Mr. C. Salusbury Mainwaring. There will be a full week's occupation among the antiquities of this beautiful district.

The Duke of Devonshire has consented to become the president of the Committee of the New Cavendish College (Cambridge) Association. His Grace and Mr. G. E. Foster have offered £5000 each for the completion of the buildings on the condition that a further sum of £10,000 is raised. Towards this amount £1500 has already been promised, principally in Cambridge.

THE WELSH EISTEDDOD.

The Welsh Eisteddfod, held in London last week, was a considerable success from a musical point of view; but in every other sense it was a dismal failure. Its promoters have probably lost a good deal more than a thousand pounds, and for this result they have themselves chiefly to thank. There were far too many people on the committee who were neither useful nor ornamental: men who were born in Wales, but who are now "something in the City," and who have therefore had no experience whatever in organising a great literary and musical festival. The chairman on Friday was also the chairman of the committee; but he only attended to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, although the honour of knighthood had been conferred upon him for services rendered in connection with the Eisteddfod. Worse than all, the Welsh people who had invaded London in their tens of thousands absented themselves from the Royal Albert Hall until Friday morning, when they were tempted to South Kensington by the fact that the Prince of Wales was to be present. A Welshman can see an Eisteddfod almost any day in his own country; when he visits London he goes off to see what he calls the "waxworks," a generic name to him for shows in general. Welshmen were to be found in the music-halls in great numbers, and everywhere else except in the Royal Albert Hall. The consequence was, that when the first meeting commenced in the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday morning



BARDIC CHAIR, PRESENTED TO THE SUCCESSFUL BARD.

the attendance was terribly thin, although it had been announced that Mr. Gladstone was to preside. Mr. Gladstone, however, being at Hawarden, did not take the chair. The proceedings of the day commenced with the Gorsedd ceremony, similar to the function which took place last year in the Inner Temple gardens, and which our artist admirably depicts. Heaped up under one of the trees in the park were twelve unhewn stones, which were arranged in a circle, the circle being guarded by the Druids present, each of whom placed his foot on a stone. In the centre was the Logan stone, and here the arch-Druid and the more prominent bards clustered. The first part of the business was to sound the "corn gwlad," a horn on which a very inexperienced performer succeeded only in producing a dismal tootling. The Eisteddfod having been proclaimed, the Gorsedd prayer was said. When the proceedings were adjourned to the Albert Hall, and it became clear that Mr. Gladstone was not to be present, most of the interest in the opening day's proceedings evaporated. Lord Mostyn made a capital chairman, but at the outset there was a bad start. In a choral competition for a prize of £50 and a gold medal to the conductor, Sir George Macfarren, after a struggle which lasted for some hours, announced that the judges were equally divided in opinion, and that the prize would be divided between the Cwm Rhondda and the Huddersfield choirs. This decision will be savagely criticised in the Principality, particularly as the judges adopted a similar mode of shirking a difficulty on Wednesday and Friday. The judges were, indeed, somewhat weak in other departments than music. Their names as they appear in the official programme are very frequently the names of men entirely unknown, even in Wales.

Wednesday's proceedings were only interesting because another division of opinion took place between the musical judges. Thursday was the "chairing" day. Lord Bute presided at first; but in the afternoon, before the great function of the day commenced, he was replaced by Mr. Lewis Morris. At a quarter past two this, the most important Eisteddfodic business of the year, commenced. On the centre of the platform was a handsome carved chair of oak, which, together with a gold medal and a sum of £40, was to be the property of the successful bard. The subject of the ode was the rather hackneyed one of the Jubilee; but the judges asserted that the successful composition was full of exquisite poetry. Before proceeding to hear what they had to say, there was, however, one function to be got through, of rather a touching nature. Clwyddfardd, the Chief Druid, called the roll of the bards, who formed in line round the platform. The Chief Druid then announced the names of those members of

the brotherhood who had died since last year's Eisteddfod, and as he did so he made a few remarks upon each of them. This having been done, one verse of a well-known Welsh hymn was sung by the entire audience, upstanding. The translation given of it in the official programme is not a good one. Freely translated, the verse means that on the resurrection dawn, when the wave-beaten ones come up safe from great tribulation, in their white robes, with their changed aspect like to their Lord—when they come up safe to the shore of Eternity from the grave, there will be a cloud of marvels. It will be seen that it is a mere poetising of a well-known biblical passage. The pathos of the ceremony consisted in the fact that this hymn is invariably sung at funerals in Wales, and there was hardly anybody present in whose mind it was not associated with the loss of someone near and dear to him. The adjudicators then awarded the chair of the London Eisteddfod. The winner was a young Curate, the Rev. R. A. Williams, of Abergynolwyn, Merionethshire. He was conducted to the chair by two of the senior bards. Mr. Lewis Morris fixed the gold medal on his breast, and the day's business concluded with addresses to the victor by his brother bards. As several of them were probably unsuccessful candidates, it was very good of them to say the many pretty things about the winner which the "englynion" recited contained. An "englyn," by-the-way, is essentially an epigram, but it is necessary that the consonants in its various parts should correspond to one another. Take, for instance, the following, which is an epitaph on the grave of Dafydd Dhu, a well-known bard in his day, who is buried in Llanrug:—

O! fodd oer ein Dafydd Dhu—lenadur
A hynododd Gymru,
Ewylth i feirdd, athro fu
Cefn wrthyt l'w cyfrithun.

It will be seen how the consonants run together in what is known as *cyghanedd*, or rhythm. In the first line "f," "dd," correspond to "f," "dd"; and the "h," "n," "d" in *lenadur* tally with the "h," "n," "d" in *hynododd*. The same thing applies to the several parts of the other two lines.

The Eisteddfod was brought to a close on Friday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters were present. The secretaries, Mr. W. E. Davies and Mr. E. Vincent Evans, deserve the highest praise for the admirable arrangements they had made; but when the day's work passed out of their hands into those of the chairman, the new knight, Sir J. H. Puleston, mistakes began to occur. It was a blunder, to begin with, that no mention of the Princess was made in the address, for the consequence was that the Prince had obviously to omit a whole paragraph from his reply. The bards, again, were almost irrepressible. Their desire to fire off "englynion" had at last to be peremptorily suppressed by Sir J. H. Puleston, who told them, in Welsh, to "Cut it as short as you can, please." The ceremony of "crowning" a bard, for an heroic poem on John Penry, a Welsh reformer, was also rather an innovation in Eisteddfodau. It almost seemed as if the young Wesleyan minister who knelt in turn before Clwyddfardd and the Prince of Wales, was receiving a greater honour when a tinsel crown was put upon his head than the chaired bard of the previous day; but this was not by any means so. It is a pity the item was not left to a later, or assigned to an earlier, period of the proceedings. The judge, too, was anxious to make the most of his opportunities, and he announced the decision he had come to in English and Welsh. Miss Mary Davies, however, was very charming in "Y Deryn Pur" and in "Llwyn Onn," which was specially commanded. The pennillion singing was first rate. Idris Vychan contrived to get the first twenty numerals and the alphabet into a tune which hardly lent itself to the experiment. By dint of clever little pauses he succeeded in finishing up always with the harpist, which is the great object in view in this performance. Mr. W. Abraham, M.P., led off "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" (Old Land of My Fathers), and the vast audience sang the chorus with right good will. The inevitable "March of the Men of Harlech" concluded this portion of the proceedings, and after shaking hands with the leading bards and M.P.'s present, his Royal Highness left. His reception was a most enthusiastic one throughout. There was a general stampede from all parts of the house when he and the Royal party retired.

The Eisteddfod was brought to a close with a concert on Friday night, similar to the concerts given on previous nights.

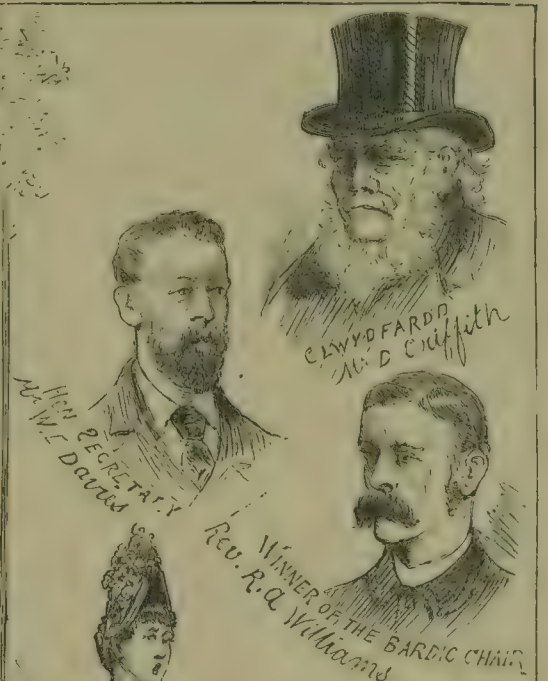
A Parliamentary return shows that the total National Debt at the end of the financial year 1886-7 was £736,278,688, which was £6,003,723 less than the previous year, and £100,865,909 less than in 1856-7.

The first part of the administrative report on the railways in India for 1886-7 has been issued by the Indian Government. Accompanying the report is a letter from the Director-General of Railways, stating that the net receipts for the year 1886 show an increase, as compared with 1885, of 63,14,996 rupees, and the percentage on the capital expended on open lines gives a return equivalent to 5.90 per cent, against 5.84 of the previous year. There had been a general increase in the net receipts and percentage earned on most of the lines in India, especially on the Great Indian Peninsula and Rajputana-Malwa Railways. In the case of the former, this satisfactory result is attributed to the improvement recorded under goods traffic, towards which the carriage of cotton, wheat, and railway materials mainly contributed. On the other hand, there had been a decrease on the North-Western Railway, due to a large falling-off in the wheat export trade, caused by the high prices and scarcity of food grains in the Punjab. The earnings for the first three months of the present year show a slight decrease from those of the corresponding period of last year, but a substantial improvement compared with the returns for 1885.

The draught charter adopted by the Councils of University College and King's College, London, for the constitution of the proposed Albert University, has been made public. The first and second clauses are as follows:—"There shall be and there is hereby constituted and founded a University, in and for London, with the name of the Albert University of London, by which name the Chancellor and other members of the Albert University of London for the time being shall be, and are hereby, constituted one body corporate, with perpetual succession, and a common seal, and with power, without any further license in mortmain, to take, purchase, and hold, and also to grant, demise, or otherwise dispose of real and personal property; which University shall have the constitution and powers, and be subject to the regulations, in this our charter prescribed and contained; and which University is in this our charter referred to as the University. University College, London, and King's College, London, shall be and are hereby constituted colleges in the University. Other colleges may from time to time be admitted as colleges in the University in the manner and subject to the conditions in this our charter prescribed." Clause 3, the insertion of which, however, is contingent upon the bodies named being associated with the University, provides that the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England shall be associated with the University, being represented on the council.



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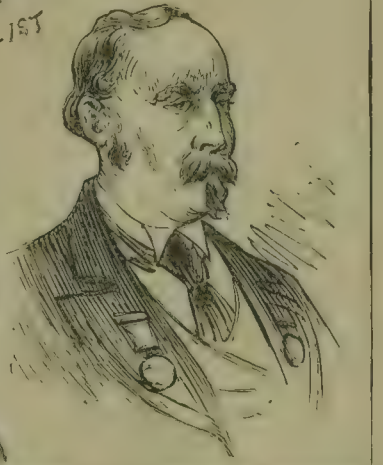
CROWNING THE BARD



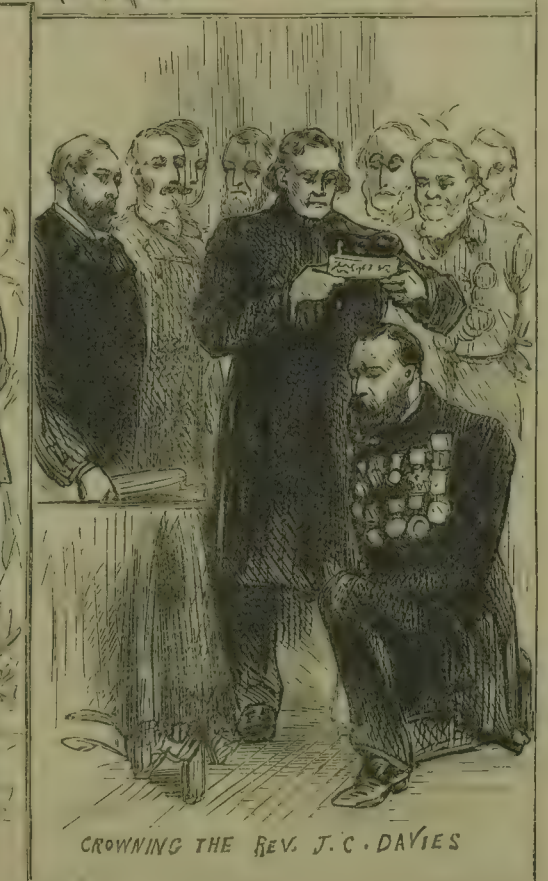
A PRIZE VOCALIST



THE REV. J. C. DAVIES



HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS

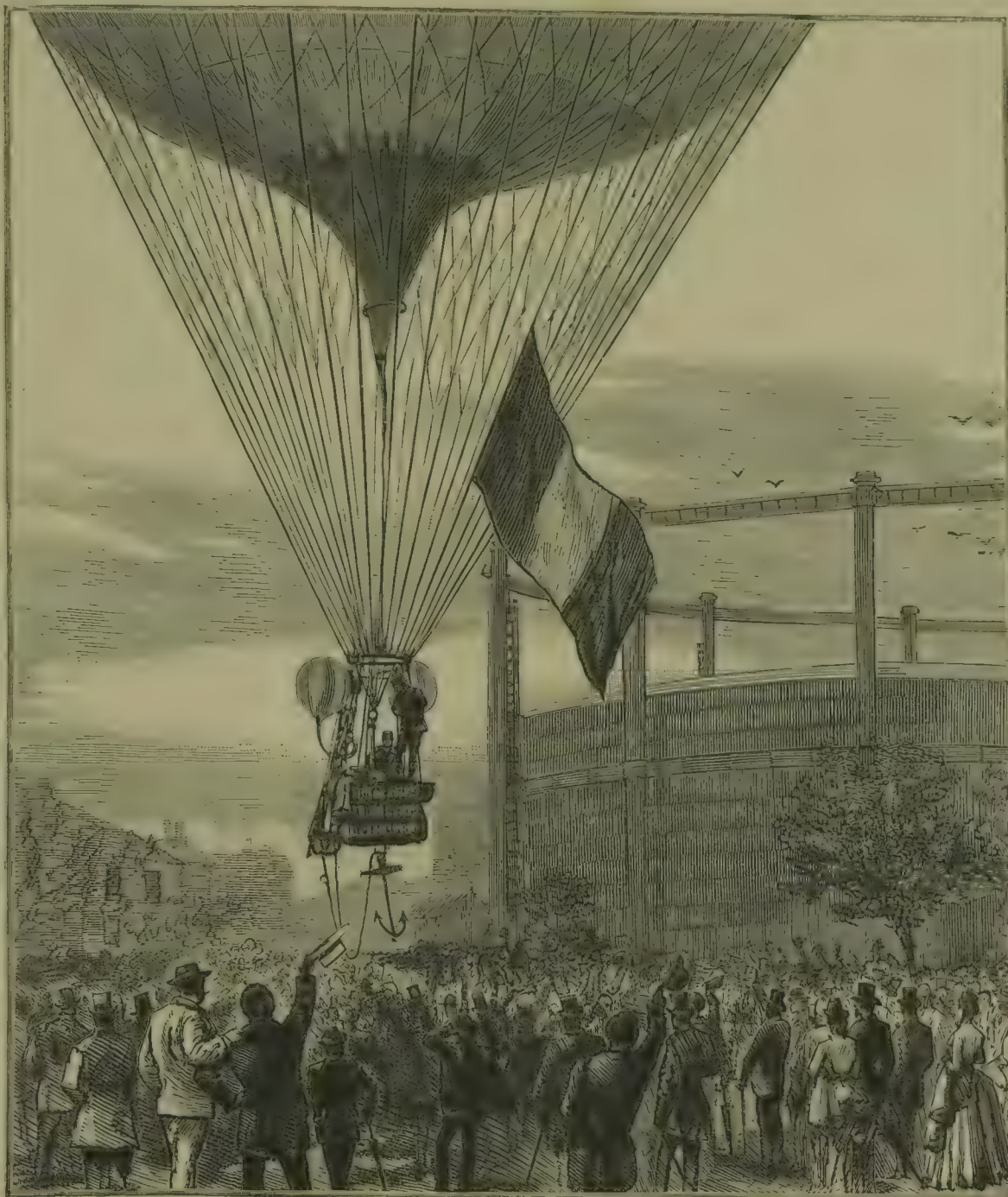


CROWNING THE REV. J. C. DAVIES

BALLOON ASCENT
AT PARIS.

Two French aeronauts, Messrs. Jovis and Mallet, ascended from La Villette gasworks, near Paris, at a quarter-past seven o'clock on Saturday morning. A tent had been erected close to the balloon, and near the flag of the French Aeronautic Society were displayed the various instruments which M. Jovis was to take with him. These included a barometer fitted to measure a height of upwards of 30,000 ft., a thermometer recording a temperature of 50 deg. below zero (Fahrenheit), and glass globes from which the air had been removed to be used in collecting specimens of the air in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Professor Morey, member of the Institute, ascertained the state of the pulse, of the inspirations, organs, and muscular power of M. Jovis, to be compared with those recorded during the ascent. Three balloons were provided, containing 1200 litres of oxygen, to be inhaled by the aeronauts on attaining an elevation of 20,000 ft.

When the balloon was let loose, amid the applause of the spectators, it rose very slowly, proceeding first to the north-west, then, having got into another current, it proceeded eastwards. It continued visible till ten minutes past eight, when it disappeared. It was then supposed to have reached a height of between 7000 ft. and 8000 ft. The balloon came down about eleven o'clock in the forest of Freyre, near the Villa Saint Hubert, in Belgian Luxembourg. A telegram received in the afternoon from M. Jovis stated that the aeronauts had been entirely successful; they had reached an altitude of upwards of 7000 metres without any bad effects, except that M. Mallet had twice begun to faint. This is by no means an unequalled exploit in ascending to a great height; for 7000 metres is about 22,970 ft., and Mr. Coxwell and Mr. James Glaisher, in 1862, at Wolverhampton, rose to 37,000 ft.



BALLOON ASCENT OF MESSRS. JOVIS AND MALLET FROM LA VILLETTE GAS-WORKS, PARIS.

FIRES IN EPPING
FOREST.

A series of destructive fires have done serious damage during the past fortnight to Epping Forest. They came to their height on Saturday in the most extensive fire which has occurred there for many years. It was discovered in Theydon Woods early that afternoon, and burned during the night and throughout Sunday. Over fifteen acres of heather and fern ground, timbered with young silver birch and beech woods, which made this one of the prettiest portions of the forest, have been destroyed. The fire was permitted to burn for twenty-four hours before water was provided. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon a water-cart from High Beech, half an hour distant, brought the first supply, which, applied to the edges of the fire, checked its further progress. The interior would probably not burn itself out for two or three days. Almost at the same hour on Saturday four fires, within a hundred yards of each other, broke out simultaneously in Loughton Woods. A correspondent, Mr. Percy Lindley, who witnessed the scene, contributes the following lively description: "Another fire in the Forest! Bang, bang, went a gun; and from the cottages on York-hill and Woodberry-hill, ruddy-checked, sturdy-legged youngsters came straggling to the open slope, which commands broken forest ground right away to Chingford. The slope falls down to a brook, and the woods rise steep on the opposite side. 'Young Loughton,' in hob-nailed boots, and in caps, some all brim, others with all brim departed, came readily enough to the rescue. Down the slope they ran, over the brook and up into the woods, cutting big boughs as they went to beat down the edges of the crackling fires. 'Going to give a hand!' replied one of three lounging labourers, contentedly viewing the fires through their tobacco smoke from the slope. 'Why? we don't get nothing, not even



1. Giving the Alarm of Fire from York Hill.

2. Forest on Fire, "Young Loughton" to the Rescue.

3. Beating out a Fire.

4. Two Willing Hands.

5. Theydon Bois after the Fire.

beer money!’ ‘Beer money,’ said another; ‘for the matter of that, we don’t get a “thankce”!’ And so in this instance it proved; for although the fires went on burning four hours before they were got under, no one turned up, to represent the management, to direct, much less to dispense any coveted ‘beer money.’ But to the credit of ‘young Loughton,’ they showed themselves above mere ‘beer money,’ and were satisfied with the chance coppers of a disinterested spectator. Three of the fires, taken in time, with the help of such water as neighbourly aid supplied, were got under by dark. The fourth, which had to remain almost uncared for, got a stronger hold, and burnt on till the following Tuesday. A reward of £20 is offered by the Conservators of Epping Forest for the discovery of incendiaries, but so far without success. Considering that to maintain the forest costs nearly £5000 a year, it would be well to increase the reward to £50 or £100, if necessary. London can ill afford to lose a single acre of its woodland.”

OPPORTUNITIES.

One of the many things desired by the young is an opportunity, some opening, a chance. A thoughtful, prudent mind will ever be on the look-out for these opportunities, and if the tide be taken at the flood it may lead on to fortune. A cry which is often heard is “We have no opportunity; the opening of which you speak is not presented to us; we cannot do the things we would; our sphere is narrow, confined, limited, our spirit frets and chafes and wears itself out by beating against the bars of our prison-house!” Now, while it is undoubtedly true that there are those who could do great things if the opportunity were afforded them (although even they might profitably read the motto on the old seal—a seal representing a pickaxe uplifted, ready to strike—“Either I will find a way or make one”); on the other hand, it is equally true that many who have these opportunities fail to take advantage of them. There are few who cannot recall instances, perhaps among their immediate acquaintances, of persons who have had an opening such as we have been describing, who have had every prospect of getting on, and yet they have not succeeded. It may be they lacked principle, or firmness, or perseverance; it may be that—as we sometimes say—they had no ballast; they were shifty, unstable, flighty, and you could not get them to settle down, as their fathers did, to real hard work; but whatever the cause, they make no progress; they do not use the means placed within their reach; and this neglect is followed by the inevitable consequences. It depends very much upon ourselves whether we make our life a splendid success or a miserable failure.

Life is full of grand possibilities; nor must we confine our view to this limited sphere. It is here upon earth that our characters are being formed; it is here that we are silently shaping our destiny. You have, perhaps, stood and watched a workman moulding something with his hands, you observe how he—very skilfully, very patiently, and “little by little”—fashions out of the rough mass before him an article perfect in beauty of form and delicacy of finish; and this, or the reverse, is what we are daily doing with ourselves. Our own characters, for good or for evil, are very much what we make them. Day by day we are deepening or effacing the lines already traced—every action, every event of our lives is quietly, noiselessly, helping to mould and fashion us.

But let us turn for a moment to the lighter aspect of the subject before us. How often do we hear the expression, “neglected opportunities”! Like most pregnant phrases, these words, by the wonderful association of ideas, remind different individuals of different circumstances. The orator thinks of the skilful turn he might have given to the question put to him during a debate; but the opportunity passed by. The surgeon thinks of the patient upon whom an operation might have been successful; but he hesitated, doubted, perhaps mistrusted his own power, and went on waiting until “too late.” The barrister remembers cases which would have been won for his clients, but some of the most important evidence was not forthcoming when wanted. The merchant is reminded of the speculation which proved disastrous because the time when he embarked in it was not opportune. Opportunities present themselves daily if we will only watch for them; but many permit them to pass away because they lack that decision of character and promptitude of action which are essential to success—or, if they do act, it is too late.

Let us be wise in time. Let us determine to be on the alert in the future. Do not be discouraged on account of past failures—for failures, rightly regarded, become our best teachers. Whatever our state or condition, let us cherish the hope of better things to come. Hope will often comfort when nothing else can; it “springs eternal in the human breast.” Hope is one of Heaven’s gifts—a gift which would not have been bestowed if poor human nature did not need it. We know not what blessings God may have in store for those who will try and help themselves. Let us not be disheartened by the negligences and mistakes of bygone days, because the wisest have erred; but let us take courage and brace up the muscles of our mind, and go forth again into the conflict determined to play the man.

If we rightly use the golden hours as they flit by—if we are alive to the various opportunities which present themselves—we shall win our reward.

A WELSH WATER CURE.

At midday, starting from Euston Station; before sunset, high up on a Welsh mountain. At lunch-time, in the roar and turmoil of London, distracted by its din, in a crowd of omnibuses, cabs, and lumbering vans; before supper, sitting out on a balcony overlooking a glorious blue panorama of distant hills. All the inhabitants of Llandrindod Wells, in the county of Radnorshire, have come up to meet the evening train, and to take stock of the new arrivals. The Joneses from Swansea, and the Thomases from Llanarth, and the Evanses from Cardiff, and the Morgans from Aberystwith, all form a happy and united family at the “Wells;” and where one moves the others are bound to follow. This is the evening amusement at this primitive and peaceful spot: this greeting and leavetaking on the railway platform correspond to the ceaseless interest of Folkestone visitors in the arrival and departure of the Channel packet. Up they come from the Pump House Hotel, among the trees on the mountain top: from the Rock House Hotel, in the leafy valley a few feet below; from the lake, or mountain tarn, where they have been boating, and canoeing, and sailing the live-long day; from the rough tennis-ground, near the church on the breezy heath; from springs innumerable of “saline,” “sulphur,” and “chalybeate”; from gossip in the hotel courtyard; from walks to the lovely valley, the Castle Hill, and “Shaking Bridge.” scenes so well described in Miss Braddon’s “Hostages to Fortune”;—clearly at Llandrindod Wells the thing to do is to “welcome the coming, speed the parting, greet.”

Nature has done very much for this pretty Welsh edition of Homburg; art very little. There is very little system in the architecture, or harmony in design. This is a spot of all others for bungalows, for rustic cottages, for a revival of old English domestic architecture. It would be a paradise for Norman Shaw, a place of bliss for Edis or Hunt. But the owners of house property have acted on the strictly independent principle, and, having purchased a plot of land, have become their own architects, varying in style from the cheap villa to the “genteel residence” of the suburban agent. There is no plan in the architectural system of Llandrindod Wells. Each house commands its own aspect—one looks front, the other looks back. Respectability is secured by the assertive presence of a Temperance Hotel; and universal information is provided at the post-office, where a cheery, affable, and chatty gentleman divides his time between despatching telegrams, selling note-paper and envelopes, comforting the male sex with tobacco and cigars, handing walking-sticks to the young ladies, selling fishing-tackle to the children, and answering every imaginable question in the shortest possible time to the peasants who come to take the Llandrindod Waters as much as the “gentle folk.”

I have not been a resident at the “wells” for five minutes before I am assured that I am so many hundred feet above the sea-level. I have no doubt it is true, because I have no reason to doubt my informants; but this fact conveys but very little to my mind. The sun is blazing hot, there is little shelter, there is a vast expanse before me of heathy common, a panorama of innumerable hills on every side, and, save for the fact that the air must be very keen, because it makes one intolerably weary, the difference of feet above the sea-level is, on the whole, immaterial. Life begins at Llandrindod Wells at a very early hour. Between six and seven all the water-drinkers have solemnly assembled under a belt of trees at the pump-house. Farmers, parsons, peasants, tradesmen, gentry, young men and maidens, old men and children assemble at the appointed rendezvous, where, in a primitive building, the saline or sulphur waters are dragged out of the earth by a prosaic beer-engine, and dispensed over a counter by smiling attendants. Water-drinking is as solemn an undertaking in Wales as at a German spa. People talk little and think a great deal. They approach the pump-house with the reverent attitude which they assume on entering a church; and, having seriously imbibed their *quantum*, they stroll off for a constitutional under the trees, across the common, or round the lake. The best people put up at the Pump House Hotel, close to the best springs, and over here the English exclusiveness is soon thawed down. Everybody knows everybody else and everybody else’s business at the Pump House Hotel. The sheep are separated from the goats, and the “lords” from the “commons.” The druggist’s daughter looks askance at the fly-proprietor’s niece, because the one is wealthy and in Welsh society and the other lives in a humble way in some obscure Cambrian town; but, as a rule, they all play together when nobody is looking, and swallow their pride for the sake of a walk across the hills, a row on the lake, or a game of lawn-tennis on the club ground. After the morning doze and constitutional comes a table d’hôte breakfast of an English pattern, and the morning is usually spent idly on a sloping lawn overlooking the lake, where the frivolous are amused with a child singing to a concertina in a cracked treble voice; where the babies swallow more fruit and sweets than are good for them, and where mild races are got up between girls and boys in canoes and outriggers. The lake boasts one four-oared outrigger that accomplishes the measured distance in about twelve strokes and a half. But it is all very sunny and silent, and the air is inexpressibly pure. The stolid Welsh farmer dozes on a bench, and the romantic Enid, Elaine, or Isult settles her wherry among the weeds, and dreams over the “Morte d’Arthur” in some lonely spot decorated with duck-weed and water-lilies.

This pretty Welsh watering-place, that so few English people have heard of, though it is over two hundred

years old, is the place of all others to cultivate the art of doing nothing gracefully. There are trees to rest under, a common to dawdle over, a lake to row on, a grassy bank to rest on, pleasant and well-informed women to talk to, waters to drink at convenient hours, and, after dinner, a little cheerful music and consoling whist. What more can a weary mortal require? He is only expected to lie down here, look at those delightful hills, and do simply nothing. But that is exactly what he does not do. He plays tennis in the broiling sun till he is as red as a lobster; he rows races on the lake; he starts off long before the sun has sunk for an excursion to the “Shaking Bridge,” having encountered an army of stinging flies in the adjacent wood; he tears up perpendicular mountains, here called “points”; he organises picnics; joins otter-hunting parties on these lovely Welsh rivers; and telegraphs for a rod to fish the Ithon, or Dulas, or Cwmarron. People come to these quiet spots to rest; but their rest is labour. When there is not a tennis tournament there is a cricket-match on one of the loveliest grounds that cricketer could desire, and on no bad wicket either, taking all things into consideration.

But there comes a time when the labours of the sunny day are really over. Back come the tennis-players in their “blazers” and the fishermen with their rods; back come the pedestrians with their walking-sticks, and the otter-hunters with their “pads;” back over the hills and from far away come the residents at Pump House or Rock, who have got more tone into their system than sulphur, or salt, or iron, can ever supply, drunk out of a wine-glass with the foot knocked off—certainly there is one delicious hour at Llandrindod Wells that well repays the burden and heat of the day. The toil is over and the rest has come. The evening meal is at an end, and I am sitting on a balcony on the topmost ridge of the mountain, overlooking a superb vista of hills, watching a Welsh sunset whilst enjoying a quiet cigar. At the back of me they are singing and playing whist at the Pump House Hotel; below me they are dancing and flirting at the Rock House. Two old people are droning under a pent-house, and a couple of lovers are whispering under the trees. The skyline over the distant hills has changed from deep blue into primrose, and now, far away, with a wide expanse of silence between me and the horizon, I see, as the last signal of light, a faint patch of light apple-green barred with gold.

Conversation is hushed by the solemnity of the scene; a clock chimes, the grasshopper chirps in the plantation down below, the scent of the cigar hangs on the rich evening air; but even that is not so powerful as the odour of hay that steals up to my balcony from a hundred meadows. And the best of it all is that here, on these everlasting hills, we can find peace without leaving home. Long after one o’clock I was ushered into a coupé at Euston by the most civil guard on a line renowned for its courtesy; long before eleven at night I am lost in the contemplation of silence. And the wonder is, as I gaze and gaze into this infinite silence, why holiday-seekers should ever risk the intolerable heat of Spa or Ems, the fashion of Homburg, or the deserted gaiety of Baden, when in a few hours they can drink waters till they are tired of them on the hills of lovely Wales. Why not believe that there is no place like home, and try the health-cure of Llandrindod Wells?

Mr. John Gibson, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Peter O’Brien, Q.C., were called within the Bar at Dublin on Tuesday before the Lord Chancellor, as Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for Ireland.

The British Archaeological Association opened its annual congress on Monday at Liverpool. Sir James A. Picton, president for the year, opened the proceedings with an interesting *résumé* of the history of the neighbourhood. He expressed the hope that the deliberations of the congress would open up pleasant glimpses of English life by connecting historical events with the localities in which they occurred and in deepening their affection for dear old England. The members subsequently visited St. George’s Hall, and in the evening dined together at the Adelphi Hotel. On Tuesday they made various excursions, and in the evening held a meeting, at which papers were read.

Londoners with a week’s or a fortnight’s holiday can nowhere more cheaply and easily reach a delightfully picturesque district of the neighbouring Continent than in the Ardennes, first making their way to Namur, on the Meuse, by the Harwich and Antwerp railway and steam-boat route. Mr. Percy Lindley, a bright and pleasant writer, and Mr. Julian Weedon, a clever artist, have prepared, for the guidance of tourists and for the entertainment of readers, a pretty little oblong volume, published by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, which is the best sixpenny-worth, as an original work, that we have lately met with. Every tourist going in that direction should buy at least two copies, one for his own daily and almost hourly use on his agreeable travels, the other for his friends who remain at home, and who will learn from it all about the places he will see, the exact distances, times, and expenses of his journey and branch excursions, with brief and instructive notices of the local scenery, the quaint old towns, the romantic castles, the historical traditions, and the people of that interesting region. “Walks in the Ardennes,” with boating, fishing, cycling, and shooting notes, with numerous illustrations of considerable artistic merit, is a publication that combines all desirable kinds of excellence; its composition must have been a labour of love and taste, and its production at such a trifling price is really wonderful.

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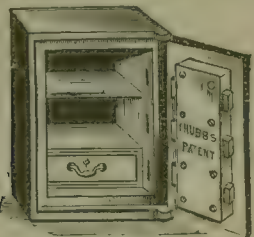
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WRITING in the "World" of Dec. 22,
1886, EDMUND YATES



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Tom Barley, I discharge you from my service."—"Is that all?"—"That is all. I wash my hands of you."

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

JEREMIAH PAMFLETT'S OPINION OF GIRLS.



NO more chivalrous knight than Tom Barley ever drew breath, but, notwithstanding his devotion to Phoebe, certain incontrovertible conclusions had for some time past forced themselves upon him. A number of men live to eat; a much larger number eat to live. Without reference to his inclinations, Tom Barley's circumstances did not enable him to do the former, and he found it exceedingly hard to do the latter. Between him and Mrs. Pamflett existed an unconquerable antipathy. Being of an independent order of mind, he was barely civil to her; and, as she kept the key of the cupboard, she repaid him in full by either throwing food to him as she would to a dog or giving him none at all. She tolerated him because he was useful to her in the way of chopping wood and doing various odd jobs of a rough nature; but for this, she would long ago have had him dismissed. Her son Jeremiah, who came regularly to Parkside on Miser Farebrother's business, never failed to put a spoke in Tom's wheel, as he termed it; but his mother was successful in mollifying him by recounting the hardships to which Tom had to submit.

"He's little better than starved," she said to her son, "and he hasn't a rag to his back."

"Serve him right," growled Jeremiah; "I'd like to see him hanged!"

He never forgot the beating he had received in the village, by the instigation of Tom Barley, on the occasion of his first visit to Parkside; and with him, never to forget was never to forgive. With prudent care of his bones he steered clear of a collision with Tom, who was strong enough to tackle half-a-dozen men such as he; but he would have gladly seized an opportunity to do Tom an ill turn. Tom, the least vindictive being that ever wore rags, had forgotten the incident years ago, and would have met with civility any advances which Jeremiah might have made to him; but as Miser Farebrother's managing clerk invariably scowled at him when they happened to meet, he took refuge in silence and avoidance. Jeremiah had made great strides since he first entered the miser's service. He had mastered the intricacies and the rogueries of

the money-lending business, and was the sharpest of sharp knaves—without feeling, without a heart, intent only upon his own interests and the gratification of his own pleasures. It has already been shown that he was lending money upon his own account; but this was done without the cognizance of the miser, who would have bitterly resented such an encroachment upon his domain. Miser Farebrother would have found it difficult—indeed, almost impossible—to get along now without Jeremiah; the constant cramp in his bones, which had kept him so frequently and for so long a time together a prisoner in Parkside, grew worse instead of better, and Jeremiah had taken the fullest advantage which these absences had offered to him. There were matters of business which Jeremiah, and Jeremiah alone, could explain: sums of money were owing which, without Jeremiah, could never have been recovered; certain of the questionable transactions by means of which Miser Farebrother had amassed wealth were entered and recorded in a manner so peculiar that Jeremiah, and no other person, understood them. He had played his cards apparently well. The question to be decided was where the game was going to lead him.

On the Friday upon which Fred Cornwall was expected home, two or three pregnant circumstances took place affecting our heroine. It was the day previous to her birthday, on which she had obtained her father's consent to the visit of the Lethbridges to Parkside. Phoebe had returned home on Thursday evening, intent upon making preparations for the visit of her dearest friends. Before she left Camden Town a little conversation took place between her and her aunt with respect to this birthday celebration.

"You must not expect much," Phoebe said; "I cannot afford to do as I would wish."

"Whatever it is," said Aunt Leth, "it will be as welcome as the best. I should say, a cup of tea and some nice thin bread-and-butter."

"Yes," said poor Phoebe; "that will be all, I am afraid."

"But even that," said Aunt Leth, "will entail a small expense. Let me see your purse."

"No, aunt; it is all right; and I must go at once."

"There is no hurry, my dear; you have at least half an hour to spare. Fanny is going with you to the station, and she will not be ready for the next twenty minutes. Show me your purse, Phoebe."

"Aunt, dear"—

"My dear child, I insist; or I shall think you do not love me."

Phoebe's purse was out in a moment; but she repented when it was in Aunt Leth's hand.

"You foolish girl!" said Aunt Leth, looking into the purse, and pinching Phoebe's cheek, "there is next to nothing in it. Come now—it is too late, I hope, for secrets between us—tell me all."

Phoebe, in a low voice, told of the conversation between her father and herself, and of his giving her a florin for a birthday present. Aunt Leth did not look grave as she listened; on the contrary, she nodded and smiled brightly. It was not in her nature to do the slightest thing to aggravate the gloomy surroundings of the young girl's home. Her heart was filled with sweet pity for her niece's lot, and it was for her to shed light on Phoebe's life.

"My dear child," she said, "do you look upon me as a mother?"

"Indeed I do, dear aunt."

"Would you wish to vex me?"

"No, aunt; no."

"Then you must let me have my way. I know what is right and what is best. I have a little treasure-box, which I find very useful often when I am in a wilful mood. It is sometimes filled with saved pennies, and you have no idea how they mount up. Don't oppose me, Phoebe, or I will not kiss you." In proof of which she gave her niece a number of affectionate kisses at once. "I am going to my treasure-box now."

She produced it from her desk, and put fifteen shillings into Phoebe's purse. Then she closed the purse, and pressed it into the girl's hand.

"What can I say, aunt?" murmured Phoebe, her eyes filled with tears.

"Say, my dear, 'I am glad my aunt treats me as she would treat her own child.' I have served you just as I would serve Fanny."

"I shall never be able to repay you, dear aunt."

"You are repaying me, Phoebe, every day of your life."

The gratitude which filled Phoebe's heart had something sacred in it. But, indeed, that happy house was more than a home to the young girl—it was a sanctuary.

Therefore Phoebe, unloved and neglected as she was in Parkside, was perfectly happy on the day before her birthday. She would be able to make her tea-table quite gay, and she went to the village and laid out, to great advantage, the money her aunt had put in her purse.

"Good afternoon, Miss Phoebe."

It was Jeremiah Pamflett who accosted her. He was on a visit to the miser, with books and papers under his arm.

"Good afternoon," said Phoebe, who was also carrying parcels. She would have hurried on and left him, after these salutations, but he was too quick for her.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Miss Phoebe?"

"I can't; they are full."

"Where there's a will there's a way. You had better shake hands with me, or your father will be angry when I tell him."

This threat served him. Phoebe managed to extend her hand, which he took and held in his for a longer time than was necessary.

"What a pretty hand you have, Miss Phoebe!"

She shrank at the compliment, and snatched her hand from his grasp. He did not take umbrage at this action, pretending not to notice it.

"We are both going home, Miss Phoebe. May I offer you my arm?"

"I can do quite well without, thank you," said Phoebe.

"And as well with. I always like to be polite to ladies; a gentleman can't do less. Let me carry a parcel or two for you. I shall tell your father that I assisted you, and he will be pleased. I do all his business for him, you know, and he has the greatest confidence in me. I do all I can to deserve it, I am sure. Thank you. Don't you feel more comfortable now? I should if I was a young lady, and a gentleman insisted upon helping me."

Had it not been that she was fearful of angering her father Phœbe would on no account have accepted his assistance; but he forced it upon her, and compelled her to take his arm. He walked proudly through the village with his lovely charge, tilting his hat a little on one side of his head to show his quality. Sometimes he dropped one of Phœbe's parcels, and when she once stooped to pick it up and their heads touched, he became quite merry, and asked her which was the hardest. She spoke scarcely a word; but he beguiled the way with anecdote and jest, and, when they reached Parkside, declared it was the pleasantest walk he had ever taken. She ran up to her room and left him alone. For himself, though he was at the door of the house, he did not enter it; he turned back, and walked about the grounds in thought, saying more than once to himself, "Upon my soul it wouldn't be half a bad move!" emphasising his remark by slapping his leg smartly. On his way back to the house he encountered Tom Barley, and, elated by his reflections, he cried out—

"Hallo, you beggar! How are you getting on? Making your fortune?"

"No," said Tom Barley; "are you?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah exultantly. "I'm getting on like a house on fire. Here's a penny—no, a ha'penny for you."

Tom Barley threw it back savagely, and it grazed Jeremiah's forehead.

"I could have you up for that," said Jeremiah, edging away from Tom. "Assault and battery, you know. If you give me any of your cheek I'll land you at the station-house."

"Give me any of yours," retorted Tom, "and I'll break every bone in your body!"

Jeremiah deemed it best to walk away, which he did rather swiftly and with decided nervousness. Upon making his appearance before his mother he worked himself up into a great passion, and said that Tom Barley had set upon him with a knife, and had threatened his life. She soothed him, and advised him to inform Miser Farebrother, which he promised to do; and being further mollified by a draught of ale and a plate of cold meat and pickles, he condescended to be in a better humour.

"You haven't kissed me, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett.

"Oh, bother!" he said, brushing her cheek with his lips.

"I like to kiss girls. I say, mother, how pretty Phœbe's grown!"

"Miss Farebrother?" asked his mother, somewhat startled.

"I said 'Phœbe,' didn't I? She's about as pretty as they make 'em. I met her in the village, and she took my arm. A little stuck up at first, but I soon brought her to her senses. Mother, what do you think of me?"

"You are the best son in the world," she replied readily, "and the cleverest man in England."

"Yes, I think I can show them a trick or two. Are you proud of me, mother?"

"Indeed I am, Jeremiah."

"Am I a handsome man, mother?"

"A handsomer couldn't be found, Jeremiah."

"Am I good enough for any girl?"

"Indeed you are. She'll be a lucky girl you set your heart on, my boy."

"Oh, come now! I don't know so much about hearts. I know which side I want my bread buttered—eh, mother?"

"Certainly, Jeremiah."

"Well, then, why shouldn't it be?"

"Why shouldn't what be?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, very much mystified.

Jeremiah put his forefinger to the side of his nose. "When I tell you, mother, you'll be as wise as I am."

"But, do tell me, Jeremiah," the fond mother pleaded.

"Still tongue, wise head," said he. "No, I'll have a good think over it first."

He went up to Miser Farebrother with his books and papers, and when the interview was over he returned to his mother, who by that time had a hot meal prepared for him. Before she dished it up he asked her whether she could find Tom Barley.

"The old skinflint wants to see him," said Jeremiah, with an upward jerk of his head, in the direction of the room occupied by Miser Farebrother. "He has something very particular to say to the beggar, who'll open his eyes a bit. Go and find him, mother, and send him up. I'll wait. Pleasure first, business afterwards."

Tom Barley happened to be within hail, and Mrs. Pamflett sent him up to the miser, and then attended to her son. She waited till he was well primed, and presumably therefore in a more complaisant humour, and then she said coaxingly,

"Won't you tell me, Jeremiah, what you meant by saying 'Why shouldn't it be?'"

"No, I won't, and that's flat," replied Jeremiah; "at least, I won't till I've a mind to. But Phœbe is a pretty girl, isn't she, mother?"

"I was pretty once," sighed Mrs. Pamflett.

"Shouldn't have thought it. But women go off so. I don't know that I've ever seen a much prettier girl than Phœbe."

Mrs. Pamflett opened her eyes wide; she began to have a glimmering of her son's meaning.

"There's styles," continued Jeremiah. "Some like one style, some like another. For my part, I'm not particular, so long as a girl's nice-looking. It don't matter to me much whether they're dark or fair, or long or short, so long as they're that. Mother, you're not a bad sort, and I'll be open with you."

"You're my own boy," exclaimed the fond mother, pressing her son's head to her bosom.

"I wish you wouldn't!" cried Jeremiah. "I don't care to have your buttons grinding into my nose. When you've recovered yourself, perhaps you'll sit down."

Mrs. Pamflett obeyed meekly, murmuring, "I couldn't help it, Jeremiah."

"Well, do help it. I tell you once for all, do help it. I don't want to have my nose skinned. I've a good mind now not to tell you."

"Do tell me, Jeremiah," implored Mrs. Pamflett, "do! And I'll never take you sudden again."

"Very well, then; but mind you keep your word. You're always at it, hugging and pressing me as if I was a bit of wood. Yes; I say there's styles, and what I say on the top of that is that I ain't particular so long as everything else is O. K."

"What's O. K.?" inquired Mrs. Pamflett, anxiously.

"All correct, of course. You don't know much, and that's a fact. Trust me for seeing to things being right. You would have to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of me. Now, don't exasperate me by asking too many questions. Everything in time, so don't you be in a hurry. A spider ain't when he's got a bluebottle in his web. Take a lesson from him."

"I will, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, humbly; "but who's the bluebottle, and who's the spider?"

"There you are, asking questions again. You rile a fellow, that's what you do. Mother, what do you think of Phœbe?"

"I don't think much of her," replied Mrs. Pamflett, shortly. She would not have answered so candidly had she

not been taken off her guard. Her opinion of Phœbe, however, did not seem to disturb Jeremiah, who said,

"Women never hit it, somehow. Is she proud?"

"Yes."

"I thought she was; but if any man can bring her to book, I can. Does she sauce you?"

"She seldom speaks to me."

"Women are the crookedest creatures going; they never answer straight. Does she sauce you?"

"No."

"Has she got a sweetheart?"

"Not that I know of."

"Does she receive letters?"

"Only from her relations in Camden Town."

"Mr. and M. S. Lethbridge," said Jeremiah, chuckling, and feeling his pocket, in which an acceptance for three hundred pounds with Mr. Lethbridge's name to it was safely secured. "I know something of them. Do you think she's in love?"

"No."

"It wouldn't matter if she was." And here Jeremiah paused, and gave himself up to thought, with his fingers stretched across his brows. Mrs. Pamflett observed him earnestly, but did not disturb him. "Mother, would you like to see me ride in my carriage—my own carriage?"

"I should be the proudest woman in England, Jeremiah—my own Jeremiah!"

"Stow that!" cried Jeremiah, holding her off. "No more buttons! You'd like to see me ride in my carriage, would you? There are more unlikely things. You said I was good enough for any girl. Am I good enough for Phœbe?"

"A million times too good, my boy," said Mrs. Pamflett, enthusiastically.

"That's a blessing. She ought to be grateful. When I met her in the village she had a lot of parcels. Does she go shopping for you?"

"Not she. Perhaps she's been buying some things for her birthday. She's going to give her aunt and uncle tea here."

"O—ho! And when is Phœbe's birthday, mother?"

"To-morrow."

Jeremiah grinned; his eyes glittered. "I'm in luck's way," he said. "And now, mother, give me a glass of brandy-and-water, and I'll cut my lucky."

"When shall I see you again, Jeremiah?" she asked, after mixing the beverage, which he tossed off with a relish.

"Sooner than you expect. Oh, well, I don't mind telling you: I'm coming here to-morrow, to wish Phœbe many happy returns. Ta-ta! Well, if you must kiss me!—there you are, hugging me again! Why can't you do it gently?"

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM BARLEY HAS A SCENE WITH THE MISER.

Meanwhile Miser Farebrother and Tom Barley were "having it out" up-stairs, in the miser's room. Jeremiah Pamflett had put a very strong case before Miser Farebrother. He said that every time he came down to Parkside, Tom Barley laid wait for him and threatened to take his life.

"It is no fault of mine," said Jeremiah, "that I'm not as strong as that hulking vagabond, who makes any amount of money by robbing you. If you like to be robbed, I've nothing to say to it. Nobody loses anything but yourself. But I can't be coming regularly down here in fear of my life. You couldn't expect me to."

In short, Jeremiah indirectly gave Miser Farebrother to understand that if he retained Tom Barley in his employ he would have to come more often to London to look through the books and papers; and that he, Jeremiah Pamflett, would have to come less often to Parkside. Jeremiah was cunning enough to know that he was on safe ground in making this declaration. He had felt his way before he had arrived at it; and the miser was furious. It was impossible for him to go more often to London; there was no one he could trust but Jeremiah, and, in the light of a possible rupture, he placed an exaggerated value upon his clerk's services.

"He drew a knife upon me," said Jeremiah, "as I was coming here, because he saw me escorting Miss Farebrother home. She was in the village making purchases, and I thought it my duty to protect her."

"Quite right, quite right," said Miser Farebrother. "She ought to be much obliged to you."

"She was," said Jeremiah.

"Making purchases, eh?" exclaimed Miser Farebrother. "What was she purchasing—eh? You don't know? What's that you say? Oh, Tom Barley! I'll soon settle with him. They all rob me—everybody, everybody! You are the only one I can trust—the only one, the only one!"

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," said Jeremiah, fervently. "I'd work my fingers off—"

"There, there!" said Miser Farebrother, fretfully. "Don't make protestations. I hate them. It is your interest to do your duty. I pay you well for it."

"You do; and I am grateful," said Jeremiah, feeling in his heart as if he would like to strangle his master. "But you don't care for that sort of thing, and I'll not say anything more."

"No; don't, don't!" groaned the miser. "Go; and send Tom Barley up to me."

Jeremiah nodded, and went out of the room. Miser Farebrother's eyes followed him; and when the door was closed, he groaned.

"He's as bad as the rest, I believe; but I've not been able to find him out. Is he cunninger and cleverer than I am? Curse my bones! Why can't I buy a new set? There isn't an honest man in the whole world. If Phœbe had been a boy instead of a girl, I might have had a little peace of mind; but, as it is, I'm robbed right and left—right and left! Who's that at the door? Come in, can't you! Oh, it's you, Tom Barley?"

"Yes, it's me," said Tom. "What do you want of me?"

"Speak respectfully!" screamed the miser.

"I am—though I've got no particular call to," said Tom. Truth to tell he was not in an amiable temper, what with his hunger, and his rags, and his meeting with Jeremiah. "You sent for me. What do you want? And mind this—I don't stir hand or foot till I get something to eat."

Miser Farebrother became suddenly quite cool. It was generally the case when an antagonist he had in his power was before him.

"Something to eat, eh? You scoundrel! you have the stomach of an ostrich."

"I wish I had," said Tom; "then I could fill it with stones and rusty nails. As it is, I can't get those things down. I give you warning!"

"What!" cried Miser Farebrother; "you give me warning?"

"Yes; not to call hard names, or mayhap I'll throw them back at you."

"Do you dare to speak to me in that manner," said the miser, "after all I've done for you?"

Tom Barley looked ruefully at his rags of clothes, and said

with unconscious humour. "Yes, you have done for me; there's no mistake about that. I remember you promised to make my fortune. I look as if it was made."

"And whose fault is it," said Miser Farebrother, "that you're a pauper—whose fault but your own? That is, if what you say is true. But it isn't. You've got money rolled up in bundles somewhere—my money, that you've robbed me of."

Tom Barley burst out laughing. "Who has told you that cock-and-bull?" he asked. "I'd like to give him half to prove it. I'm thinking of buying Buckingham Palace, I am. I've got money enough to pay for it, rolled up in bundles."

"Hold your tongue," said the miser, "and listen to me."

"Go ahead," said Tom Barley.

"When I first took you into my service," the miser commenced—

"At twopence a week," interposed Tom. "The Bank of England's breaking down with my savings."

"It was my intention to make a man of you," continued the miser; and again Tom Barley interrupted him.

"The Lord Almighty did that while you was thinking of it."

"But," proceeded the miser, "I soon found out that I had taken a hopeless case in hand; I soon discovered that a clodhopper you were and a clodhopper you would remain, till you took your place in the workhouse as a regular. Then I lost interest in you, and let you go your way."

"In a minute or two," said Tom Barley, "I've got a couple of words to say to you that I don't go out of this room without saying."

"I allowed you to remain on my estate, and gave you your meals, and paid you so much a week."

"Why not say so little, instead of so much?" asked Tom, who, driven by necessity and despair, was coming out in a new light.

"The work you did I could have had done for a song"—

"The Lord forbid," said Tom, "that I should have heard you sing it! It would have given me the gripes. I've got 'em now."

"But I kept you on out of charity, and I told you that you were at liberty to earn money elsewhere whenever you could pick up an odd job."

"My experience is," he said, "that there's about five million evens to one odd."

"The result of my kindness and liberality is that you are as you are, an idle, skulking, thieving vagabond."

"Have you done?" asked Tom.

"Not yet. I have had a serious complaint made against you, and I intend to take notice of it in a practical way. You have threatened the life of my clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, a most estimable young man, in whom I place implicit confidence. You lie in ambush for him, and he goes in terror of you."

"That's the best thing I've heard yet," said Tom Barley, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Such a state of things is no longer to be endured, and I shall put an end to it. Tom Barley, I discharge you from my service."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. I wash my hands of you. As to your conduct towards my clerk, I warn you to be very careful. A watch will be set upon you, and if you repeat your threats you will have to put up with the consequences."

"I'll do that; it's a matter between this Jeremiah of yours and me. As to threatening his life, that I've never done. A long while ago I got him thrashed—I didn't do it myself; I was too big—for insulting your daughter, and if ever he insults her again and I get to know it, he'll be thrashed again. As to being turned from your service, I'll put up with it. Whatever I do I can't be worse off than I am. But you said something else. You said I've got money rolled up in bundles somewhere, and that I've robbed you of it. Now, out with it like a man: you did say it!"

"Yes, I did," snarled Miser Farebrother.

"What I've got to say to that is that you're a liar! I ain't given to hard words, but when I'm drove to it I use 'em; and my answer to your charge is, you're a liar! Straight from the shoulder, master: you're a liar!"

Upon that Tom marched out of the room, with erect head and angry eye; but when he got half-way down the staircase his look softened and his head drooped, for Phœbe stood before him. While he was in the presence of Miser Farebrother, asserting his manhood, he had not thought of her. She had heard the angry voices of her father and Tom, and she had waited to learn the cause. She beckoned Tom to follow her, and they were presently in the little room which she could call her own.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "what is it?"

"Well, miss," he replied, "I hardly like to say, but you'd get to know it if I didn't tell you. Your father and me's had a difference, all along of that clerk of his, Jeremiah, Mrs. Pamflett's white-livered son. He's been telling your father stories about me which ain't true. Don't believe 'em when you hear 'em, don't!"

"I won't, Tom."

"Thank you, Miss. I'm going to leave Parkside, Miss."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Your father's discharged me. If he hadn't I don't know what I should have done, because—look at me, Miss—I ain't fit to be seen."

"Oh, Tom, I am so sorry! How I shall miss you!"

"I feel that bad over it, because of you, that I can't express. But it ain't my fault."

"I am sure it is not, Tom. Have you thought what you shall do?"

"Well, Miss, I'm going to London, to be a policeman, if they'll take me on. It ain't my idea; it's somebody else's. And, perhaps, if I get to be a policeman, I'll be put on somewhere near Camden Town. I don't ask for anything better, Miss; for then I shall be near where you will be sometimes, and I can look after you. Don't speak to me, Miss, don't look at me, for I feel like breaking down. Good-bye, Miss Phœbe, good-bye, and God bless you!"

And, choking with tears, the honest fellow rushed away.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Ullathorne, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, has resigned his see, in consequence of age and failing health. He is in his eighty-second year.

The popularity of the Newcastle Exhibition is not likely to wane as long as the energetic body of gentlemen who are guarding its interests put forth such varied attractions as are announced in the prospective engagements. Already nearly a million and a quarter people have visited the exhibition; and far from there being any diminution in the average numbers of weekly visitors, the turnstiles continue to record a highly prosperous state of affairs. On Saturday last there was an "extra special" day of attractions, a large amount of money being invested in prizes, which were handed to the successful competitors in a series of athletic sports, military tournaments, and a revival of Old English pastimes. Three military bands performed, and there were organ and pianoforte recitals and concerts during the day.

GENEVA.

The admirable position of Geneva is well known. Built in the form of an amphitheatre, at the extreme end of the Lake of Geneva, this city is traversed by the Rhone, and is surrounded by enchanting views of the Jura mountains and of the Alps. The numerous English tourists who have visited Geneva will not forget the incomparable panorama beheld from the quays and bridges. On one side rises the Jura, with its blueish tints; on the other side, the mountains of Savoy, in their most varied aspect; and at the rear, the Mont Blanc chain of Alps, completing the picture.

The city itself has a very peculiar character, with the old-fashioned streets and houses, the monuments and churches, recalling many interesting historical recollections. Geneva was the Republic of a Protestant community under the direction of Calvin, notwithstanding the hostility of Rome; it was the City of Refuge not only of French but Italian Protestants, who went there in great numbers in order to exercise the right to practise, without molestation, their own religious rites and worship; and, in the time of Queen Mary, many English took refuge there for the like purpose, and founded a little English colony, of much interest in religious and social history. At a later period, in the eighteenth century, the general movement of thought was again influenced by a native of this city, Jean Jacques Rousseau, the literary champion of all revolutionary ideas. Proportionately to its size, and to the number of its inhabitants, Geneva is said to have produced more learned scholars and distinguished men than any other city of the world. It has, moreover, remained faithful to those traditions, and is at the present day a centre of high cultivation. The University and other public and private establishments of learning still retain considerable reputation, and have attracted many European scholars of high celebrity. Moreover, Geneva has always been an industrial and commercial city; and it is owing to the patient and laborious spirit of the inhabitants that it has attained the prosperity still enjoyed, with a population of 68,000 souls. The arts of watchmaking and jewellery, and the construction of musical boxes, are the favourite branches of Genevese trade; and notwithstanding severe competition in trade with other parts of the Swiss Federation, Geneva remains unrivalled for watches of superior precision, and for the art-manufacture of high-class jewellery. It should also be observed that the municipal authorities and private associations vie with each other in zeal for the development of local industries. In this city, especially, the sumptuous "magasins" and shops which adorn the principal streets and quays are practically museums, in which the skill, taste, and ingenuity of the manufacturers are displayed.

Within the limits of a brief account it is impossible to enumerate the numerous public monuments and edifices, which make Geneva one of the most interesting cities in Switzerland. For instance, there is the Cathedral of St. Pierre, associated with many remembrances of Calvin and the Reformation; there is the Hôtel de Ville, or townhall—a curious edifice, in which is to be recognised the architecture of different epochs; and there are more recent edifices, especially the new theatre, or opera-house, the interior of which is a marvel of construction; and, lastly, the superb monument of the late Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed his enormous fortune as a legacy to the city of Geneva.

The neighbourhood of Geneva offers not only attractive views of Alpine and rural scenery, but also objects of historical and literary interest. Just outside the town is to be seen the Château des Délices, full of lively souvenirs of Voltaire; and, further on, is Ferney, made equally illustrious by the residence there of that renowned French author. At Coppet, close by Geneva, is the Château of Madame De Staël, who passed several long years in exile, surrounded by a cluster of men of rank, talent, and literature—such as Constant, Sismondi, and others. To sum up, Geneva is one of those cities of the world which must ever engage the notice of educated persons in all civilised nations.

The exceptional salubrity of the climate, the intellectual resources of the inhabitants, and the geographical position of this city, have made it a privileged and cosmopolitan centre, which continually attracts an increasing number of visitors and tourists.

There are several routes from London to Geneva; but the shortest and easiest is by the line of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. The Directors of that Company have framed a combination, for choice, of some twenty different itineraries, at very cheap rates, enabling the traveller to visit this most interesting city with much convenience and pleasure on the journey.

Grouse-shooting opened yesterday week under favourable conditions, the reports from various parts of Great Britain showing that the birds were plentiful and free from disease.

At a recent meeting of the Crystal Palace Company, the chairman spoke hopefully of the prospects of the palace, which he believed would in time be restored to its ancient prestige and popularity. The report, which on the whole was of a favourable character, was adopted.

A supplemental charter has been granted to the Institution of Civil Engineers, by which the power to acquire and hold lands, &c., has been increased from £1000 yearly value, as in the original charter of 1828, to a sum not exceeding £8000 annual value, provided that the property is used and enjoyed solely for the purposes of the institution and not otherwise.

In the Report of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland, it is stated that in the year ending September, 1886, the inspectors visited 3092 day-schools to which annual grants were made, containing accommodation for 691,405 scholars, or rather more than a sixth of the estimated population. The educational improvement previously recorded is still maintained. The aided schools, which in 1872 provided for 251,688 scholars, or for 8.3 per cent of the population, were in 1886 sufficient for 701,598 scholars, or 17.81 per cent of the population.

The forty-eighth anniversary meeting of the Royal Botanic Society was held at the Gardens, Regent's Park, last week, Mr. J. P. Gassiot, vice-president, in the chair. The annual reports from the council and auditors congratulated the Fellows on the satisfactory condition of the society, the elections of new Fellows being thirty-six above the number joining last year, and also in excess of those of 1884 and 1885. The total receipts, £6581, also much exceeded those of last year. One of the acts of the council to mark the year was the offer of a prize of a gold medal with fifty guineas for the best essay treating of plants and vegetable products introduced into economic use during the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the more purely scientific work of the society progress is noticeable. The collections of trees, shrubs, exotic and other plants have been maintained in perfect health and vigour, while many new and rare plants, fruits, seeds, &c., from various parts of the world have been added thereto, the whole forming a series of immense value and interest to the botanist and lover of plants. Belonging naturally to this part of the society's work are the facilities it offers to students and others engaged in botany, medicine, and the arts.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. B. H. (Tenby).—The solution of No. 2258 was published last week. F. W. E. (Enderby).—The problem shall be examined. See solution of No. 2259, last week. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2257 and 2258 received from Pierce Jones; of 2258 from Captain Baldock, of 2259 from W. Heathcote, G. Heathcote, E. Casella (Paris), Pierce Jones, Otto Fuldner, D. A. (Dublin), C. Oswald, Sergeant James Sage, H. Wardle, Jupiter Junior, G. M. G. (Eastbourne), Ben Nevis, Commander W. I. Martin (R.N.), and W. R. Raillem; OF THE BANNERMAN'S PROBLEM from J. Bryden, Captain Baldock, and A. H. Bagot; of 2260 from J. Bryden, C. E. P., Pierce Jones, R. Worters, and David Gowers.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2261 received from J. Bryden, E. Casella (Paris), B. Reynolds, L. Sharpwood, Ernest Sharpwood, O. Fuldner (Ghent), Pierce Jones, R. Tweddell, G. Darragh, S. Bullen, Captain Baldock, Ben Nevis, R. F. N. Banks, E. Featherstone, R. L. Southwell, C. Huley, B. R. Wool, Robert G. Briscoe, Joseph Ainsworth, A. C. Hunt, R. Worters, Jupiter Junior, H. Wardle, Sergeant James Sage, N. S. Harris, John G. Grant, L. Wyman, E. Elsbury, C. Oswald, W. Biddle, O. Williams, G. W. Law, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Thomas Chown, H. Luca, J. A. D. Hannan, Sladford, J. A. Schmuecke, Joseph J. Sheehan, F. Willis, W. R. Raillem, H. Reeve, E. J. O'Gorman, Loch Gail, R. Louden, and Major Prichard.

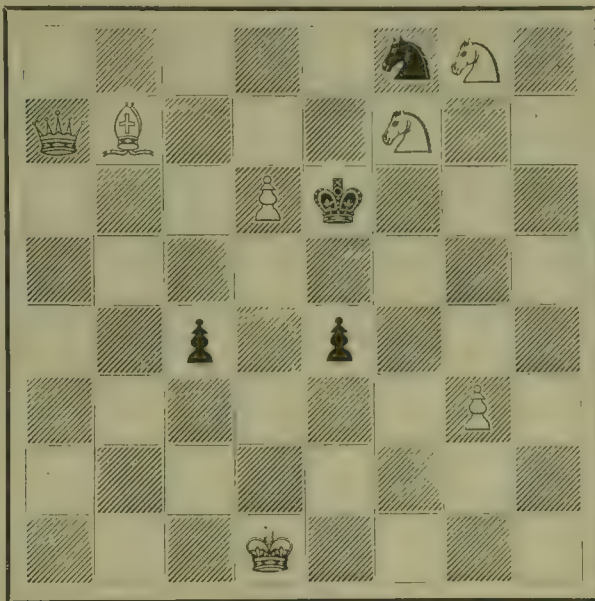
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2260.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 3rd Any move
2. Mate accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2263.

By CARL FIALA (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the late match between Captain MACKENZIE and Mr. GOLMAYO, at Havannah. (Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q takes Q	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Of course, if 17. Q takes P, Black plays at once 17. B to Q R 3rd.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. B takes Q	
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	Q R to Q sq	
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	R to Q 8th (ch)	
6. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. B to Q Kt 5th			
7. B to K 2nd is more frequently played, and is a stronger line of attack.			
8. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	20. K to B 2nd	B to B 5th
9. B takes B	P takes B	21. R to K sq	R takes R
10. Castles	Q to Q 3rd	22. K takes R	R to K sq (ch)
11. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. K to Q sq	R to K 7th
12. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th	24. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd
13. P to K 5th		25. P takes P	B takes P
This weakens his centre. Surely 13. Kt to Q 2nd would have been better.		26. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to Q 6th
		27. Kt to Q 2nd	R takes P
		28. K to B sq	R takes P
		29. P to Q B 4th	R to R 8th (ch)
14. B to B 5th	Q to K 3rd	30. K to Kt 2nd	P takes R
15. B takes Kt	Q takes B	31. K takes R	P to K 4th, and White resigned.
16. Q to Q 5th (ch)	Q to K 3rd		

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

We last week recorded the score of the competitors in the first division of the first class at the Stamford Tourney, and now present our readers with the official scores in the other competitions:—

CLASS I. (DIVISION II.).

Only four entered this division, and each played three games with each other. The competitors were—Chambers (Glasgow), Jacobs (London), Newham (Loughborough), Slack (Sheffield).

Jacobs (scoring 8½ games) won the 1st prize, £7.
Slack (6 games) " 2nd " £3.

CLASS II.

The following are the entries with the number of games scored:—Collins 1, Hall 7, Lewis 4, Mrs. Ludovici 2, Rogers 6½, Miss Thorold 3, Thorold 4, Williamson 3½, Wilmot 7, Wilson 7.

Hall
Wilmot } all equal 1st.
Wilson

Rogers takes the next prize.

A little prize value 10s., for the player in this class who first finished all his or her games, winning at the same time not less than three, was carried off by Mr. Wilson, of Louth (one of the three first prize-winners), who completed his score comparatively early in the week.

THE HANDICAP.

Nearly all the players at the meeting entered this popular class, where the competition was decided by the losers going out each round:—

Bird (London) took the 1st prize, £2.
Pollock (London) " 2nd " £1.

There was another handicap competition for the losers and others, and Macdonnell (London) took the 1st prize, £1, and Chambers and Wilmot were playing for the 2nd prize.

Mrs. Rogers' cup, value £4 4s., was won by Miss Thorold, who was one game ahead of Mrs. Ludovici. Only two ladies competed, and the cup is to be held only for a year, until more ladies enter the competition, when some rule will be made for its permanent possession.

The Rev. J. Greene's prizes of £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 1s. have not yet been awarded—we await his decision.

The public lunch on the Friday was very well attended, the tables being more than filled. Dr. Newman, in the absence of the Marquis of Exeter, very ably occupied the chair. The Rev. A. B. Skipworth was vice-chairman, and spoke at some length on important chess matters of the day. Mr. Bird made an interesting speech, and the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell spoke in his usual amusing style.

Captain Mackenzie was entertained at dinner by the members of the British Chess Club on the evening of the 11th inst. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., the president of the club, occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas Hewitt, the vice-chair, and, having regard to the holiday season of the year, there was a goodly attendance of members. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman proposed the health of the guest of the evening, Captain Mackenzie, congratulating him on his recent victory at Frankfurt, and preferring the claim of England to share with America the new honours gained by the "gallant Scot" who was the chosen champion of the States. Captain Mackenzie returned thanks in his usual brief, but sententious manner. It was a great pleasure, he said, to receive from his countrymen such expressions of goodwill, and he doubted not that his friends on the other side of the Atlantic would share his satisfaction. The health of Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Gunsberg was then toasted; and then followed the health of the victors at the Stamford meeting, coupled with the name of Mr. D. Y. Mills, the winner of the second prize and honorary secretary of the British Chess Club. Mr. Mills returned thanks for Mr. Blake, the first-prize winner, and himself. Many other toasts followed in an informal but very pleasant way, including the "Chess Press," Mr. Cubison, Mr. Hoffer, Mr. Mortimer, and Mr. Hewitt, the vice-chairman. A vote of thanks to the president brought the proceedings to a pleasant close.

A fête in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage took place on the 11th inst. at the Albert Palace, Battersea. An excellent programme was provided.

NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Bourrienne, his Private Secretary. New and Revised Edition, edited by Colonel R. W. Phipps, late R.A. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—This work, published in 1829, and familiar to English readers during half a century past, was long held in estimation as the only authentic account, by a person intimately acquainted with the first Napoleon, of the life of that extraordinary man. It cannot safely be neglected by the student of that period of history, though later writers have cast a very different light on the actions of the "First Consul" and First Emperor, whose public character has been finally judged and is no longer highly esteemed by intelligent Frenchmen. Englishmen, for their part, can now afford to regard it without prejudice or national hostility; and the recent masterly sketch of his career, by Professor Seeley, has the merit of pure impartiality, with a complete appreciation of the state of Europe in Napoleon's times. In France, since the downfall of the Second Empire, the brilliant historical romance of M. Thiers has been superseded by the work of a Swiss author, M. Lanfrey, who applies severe and searching criticism to the political transactions of Napoleon, while German researches have drawn from the archives of diplomacy much evidence of his unscrupulous dealings with foreign States. M. Fauvelet De Bourrienne, though one of his earliest friends and his confidential servant from 1797 to October, 1802, was not really in a position to know much more than any of his contemporaries respecting Napoleon's conduct as Emperor, having been dismissed from personal attendance and sent for many years to posts in Germany, where he discharged offices of secondary importance. He had, indeed, previously enjoyed very good opportunities of observing the character of the victorious commander and pushing military dictator, while engaged in a series of conflicts for which patriotic sentiment, and, up to a certain point, Republican zeal, could find apparent justification. But the subsequent phase of giddy Imperial despotism, and of grasping pretensions to universal dominion, belonged to an unforeseen development of overweening ambition. Bourrienne's work, as a contribution to biography, nevertheless retains its value; and the present English editor, Colonel Phipps, with Mr. Bentley, the publisher, has done good service to standard literature in producing a revised translation, with judicious notes and illustrative citations from many books and official documents, which may be read to considerable profit. The only deficiency remaining is that of an index, which is much wanted in following the narrative of such complicated affairs; but this can easily be supplied in future editions. The first volume, containing the life of Napoleon from his birth, in 1769, to his forcible installation as perpetual "First Consul"—Premier Consul, or Dictator—in August, 1802, during the brief peace with England, is the most interesting and original part of these memoirs. The author had been Napoleon's schoolfellow from their childhood at the Military College of Brienne, and afterwards corresponded with him; and their intimacy had been renewed in Paris in 1792. Bourrienne entered the diplomatic service, while Napoleon began his career as a soldier; they occasionally met and exchanged friendly offices; and in 1797, when Napoleon had performed his first astonishing campaign in Italy, he summoned Bourrienne to join him, and to act as his secretary. He accompanied Napoleon to Egypt and Syria in 1798, served him at Paris during the violent political struggle that raised him to dictatorial power, and attended him in the campaign of Marengo. Their connection, already of a strictly official character, lasted five years and a half, after which time a pecuniary scandal in which Bourrienne was involved suddenly put an end to his employment on the First Consul's personal staff, and caused him to be sent away to Hamburg. Symptoms of resentment for this disgrace are tolerably manifest in Bourrienne's memoirs of his renowned patron and master, whom he repeatedly accuses of "trickery," "duplicité," "falsehood," and "dissimulation," as well as of inordinate pride, arrogance, and rashness, while testifying to his rude kindness for those about him, and taking for granted, of course, his supreme ability as a commander. Bourrienne, though he continued to serve the Empire, was probably never at heart an Imperialist, and ceased to be a Bonapartist, at heart, when removed from personal contact with Napoleon, who from that time refused to see him, except once at a formal reception on his appointment to a diplomatic post. The impression, however, left on a reader's mind by the writing of Bourrienne is that of sincerity and general veracity in relating what he had himself seen and heard; but equal credit is scarcely due to his conjectures and suppositions, often put forward as positive assertions, concerning matters of which he had no personal knowledge. This disqualification for a work of an historian will be perceived throughout the second and third volumes, which also betray the lack of authentic documents at the time when they were written; and the notes of Colonel Phipps, with the statements extracted from various authors later than Bourrienne, or from memoirs published since he wrote, much assist a true comprehension of affairs. We have, perhaps, here said enough merely to indicate the degree in which these memoirs are to be relied on, and the manner in which they should be accepted, not as conclusive history, but as materials for history, subject to the corrections that they have abundantly received. This edition of Bourrienne will keep its place in a good library, and is not likely to be superseded. Each of the three volumes is adorned with a dozen portraits, well engraved on steel.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg. With Reminiscences of his Reign in Bulgaria. By A. Koch, his Domestic Chaplain (Whittaker and Co.).—The prolonged uncertainty that still prevails regarding the disposal of the vacant Principality created by the treaty of Berlin in 1878 renders the subject of this memoir of recent history one of contemporary interest. It was exactly a twelvemonth ago, on the night of Aug. 20 last year, that the gallant and popular German Prince, who had in July, 1879, been legally enthroned as ruler of a newly emancipated nation, and by whose skill, energy, and valour, in the winter before last, Bulgaria was successfully defended against the wanton attack of the King of Servia, suffered an atrocious personal outrage in being kidnapped by a gang of hireling traitors and forcibly carried away from the State. No such act of lawless and treacherous violence has been perpetrated in Europe, with the probable connivance of a great foreign legitimate Sovereign, within the present century; and though political considerations, or the desire to avoid a terrible war, have restrained the other European Powers from openly manifesting their just indignation, the base treatment of Prince Alexander was condemned by the universal opinion of the civilised world. It is and will be profoundly resented by the sturdy Bulgarians, who proved their loyalty, as well as their patriotism, when they welcomed his return from captivity and exile a few days afterwards, and expressed their sincere regret at his final compulsory abdication in September. This volume, containing an English translation of the authentic narrative of his entire career in Bulgaria, merits attentive perusal, and may help us to comprehend the difficulties likely now to beset his elected successor, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, from the continued Russian opposition.



STATUE OF J. ROUSSEAU GENEVE



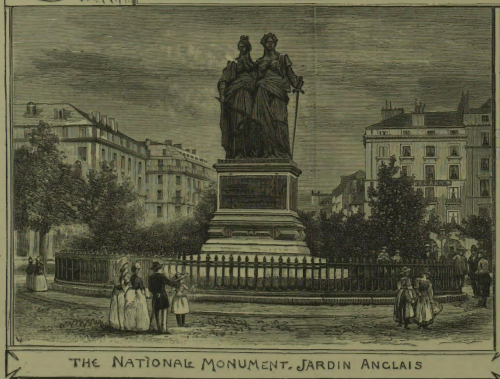
TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL GENEVE



PLACE NEUVE GENEVE



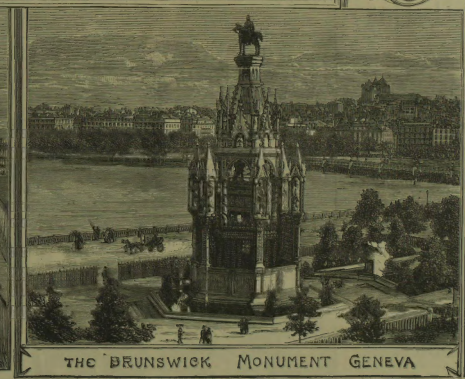
GENEVA & MONT BLANC.



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT. JARDIN ANGLAIS



JURA MOUNTAINS.



THE BRUNSWICK MONUMENT GENEVA

NOVELS.

The Government Official. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The "citizens of Liverpool," to whom this novel is dedicated, should be acquainted with the offices of the four Surveyors of Taxes, Inland Revenue Department, which were located in 1879 on the east side of the Custom-House building. If there were, in 1879, sixteen persons of the resident staff, each Surveyor having an Assistant-Surveyor and two clerks, for the districts respectively assigned to them of First, Second, Third, and Fourth Liverpool, the characters of those gentlemen, and their manner of doing business, should be well known to many inhabitants of the town, and likewise to their colleagues and superiors in the Civil Service. The author of this work of fiction may, or may not, have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with those official personages and their individual peculiarities. If his portrait of Mr. Trosdale, Mr. Cramsey, and the two other Surveyors, Mr. Kerry, one of the Assistant-Surveyors, and Messrs. Thistlethwaite and Holt, two of the clerks, be the mere creation of fancy, he is hardly justified in connecting it with an ostentatious array of dates and particulars, necessarily corresponding with some realities in the office at Liverpool, or in giving an intimation, outside of the story, that it has something to do with his local knowledge of facts. It is not likely, we think, that one in the position of Mr. Trosdale would, by sheer negligence, allow his office and its work to fall into the disgraceful state of confusion here described; or that dissolute ruffians like Thistlethwaite and Holt, swearing and drinking, and idling half the day, would be permitted to remain in it for a week. Mr. Kerry, the rough and eccentric Irishman, being a zealous public servant and diligent as well as skilful in the office business, might be tolerated in his queer familiarities, and even in the use of coarse language and undue potations of whisky. We leave the author, however, to bear his own responsibility for delineating these characters. Apart from such caricatures of the associates of "the Government Official," which begin at Somerset House on his entrance into the service, the story of young Mr. Selwyn Serle, in the domestic intimacy to which he is presently admitted by the favour of Mr. Trosdale, has considerable interest. The elderly gentleman, a widower, living with his one daughter, when at home, in gloomy and shabby seclusion, is a self-deluded scientific dreamer, who has invented a marvellous improved blast-furnace, wasting his money in a long course of experiments, still hoping to make his fortune with the patent among the iron-masters. His devotion to this secret pursuit accounts for his apathy and laziness at the office of Surveyor of Taxes, and for the utter lack of discipline shown in the behaviour of his two clerks. Selwyn is taken into the confidence of Martin Trosdale, and finds his daughter, Madge, a remarkable young woman, fixedly opposed to her father's infatuation, and meeting the young visitor with cold civility, under the apprehension that he encourages that ruinous delusion. Here is a situation new in fiction, strongly conceived, and wrought up to a natural crisis with increasing effect. Selwyn believes in the invention; devotes his leisure hours to drawing plans for it; lends Mr. Trosdale, whose money is all spent, a little of his own; and lives at the house, paying like a lodger, that he may be more useful to his friend. Madge Trosdale, earning what she can by teaching music, and struggling as housekeeper with the embarrassments of poverty and debt, still treats him with severity, and wants to have him sent away, till an accidental overhearing of her talk with her father, and her compassion for their guest when he is attacked by illness, lead to a frank

mutual understanding. Love is to follow, of course; but many sore troubles, alarms, and temporary disasters must for some time beset the path of the Trosdales; a terrible Chief Inspector from Somerset House suddenly pounces on "Third Liverpool," finds it in shameful disorder, and Mr. Trosdale has to quit the Civil Service, though his fall is kindly broken for him by the friendly Chief Clerk, after which he fares still worse. We are glad to observe that the superior officers of the Inland Revenue Department at headquarters are depicted favourably, as they probably deserve. The story ends pleasantly, though Mr. Trosdale's hopes are finally dispersed; his daughter becomes the wife of Selwyn; and the reader will be satisfied with the generous behaviour of Dan Kerry.

An Ugly Duckling. By Henry Errol. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—At the risk of offending a Mr. Henry Errol, whose existence is doubtful, we venture to give the credit of the authorship to some unknown young lady. Surely, no man who does or does not hold a pen could imagine that girls can ever be so disagreeable, so rude, indelicate, and cruel to each other, in the absence of what we must now call the franker sex, as some of the young women introduced here to our acquaintance. It is enough to make a prudent bachelor, who would pass quietly and honourably through life, forswear all female society for ever. If the daughters of the Rev. Sir Lambert Ferrers, an aristocratic Baronet and country Rector, and the pupils of Mademoiselle Schmidt, an exemplary Swiss schoolmistress at Geneva, behave in such an outrageous manner, why, respectability does not agree with the feminine virtues and graces, and it would have been much better for little Kate, the despised, neglected, persecuted younger sister, never to have been recaptured when she ran away from her father's house. Kate, of course, is the "ugly duckling;" but her elders, Mary and Evelyn, are intolerable tyrants; and the governess, Miss Garth, is a malignant savage with a murderous fist, which she uses ferociously, but systematically, in belabouring the poor child, whose mother and grandmother have died. Kate is next sent to school at Geneva. We have heard of boarding-school misses; but never before of such want of proper discipline and supervision, of such bad manners, of such a reckless flirt as Mlle. Lina being the second mistress of the school, and of such free association of the girls with young Frenchmen and others in the neighbourhood of Geneva. One of these detrimental acquaintances, Maurice Fernay, entangles the innocent Kate in a sort of engagement, and receives from her a number of love-letters. He proves base and false; and Kate returns to England, cured of her premature attachment. The death of her father, for which she does not pretend to mourn, leaves her still exposed to the domineering peevishness of her sisters; they are no swans, but geese, and they are jealous of the beauty and accomplishments now developed in the ugly duckling. It is an unpleasant picture of family life, and Kate seems bound to be miserable, till an invitation to stay with Lady Margaret Ponsonby opens more cheerful prospects. With the good and lively people at Ponsonby Court she freely laughs and plays and loves, fixing her affections on a worthy lover, Mr. Bertram Mackenzie, to the intense disgust of Evelyn and Mary. So far, we can sympathise with Kate; but Maurice Fernay turns up again in England, pursues her with unmanly pertinacity, and threatens to make use of the foolish love-letters she wrote to him when she was a schoolgirl. Her brother, now Sir Lambert, has come home from India; and we should be better pleased to read that the brother got rid

of this Frenchman with a horsewhipping and kicking, than of the recovery of those letters by a very degrading trick. Miss Susie Miller, the energetic American friend of our distressed heroine, seemed at first to be a person incapable, as well as Kate herself, of resorting to gross deceit and leading the rascal to believe that Kate would still look favourably on his suit. This unworthy stratagem is the less needful, since Kate has fully informed her new lover, Bertram Mackenzie—though not without at first telling him one or two direct falsehoods—that she was formerly engaged to Maurice Fernay. On the whole, whether these young ladies be ugly or pretty, ducklings or swans or geese, it is quite our opinion that if the author were a Mr. Henry Errol, or any other man, he would not have ventured to portray their characters in a light so ill adapted to encourage trust and the hope of peace in domestic life.

Thraldom. By Julian Sturgis. One vol. (Longmans).—In noticing a story called "In His Grasp," and one relating the poisoned dreams that vexed the purchased sleeping hours of "Lucy Smith," we remonstrated against the growing literary practice of countenancing the impostures of mesmeric or spiritualistic clairvoyance, and of pretensions to control the mind and will by such influences, for the purpose of sensational romance. Mr. Julian Sturgis can draw such agreeable characters, and has such a pleasant vein of light ironical humour in setting them naturally in motion, that it is to be regretted he should here resort to that questionable kind of machinery by his invention of the incredible "thraldom" of Sibyl Mervyn. The portraits of old Tom Fane and young Tom Fane, honest English fox-hunting country gentlemen, father and son living together on delightfully affectionate terms, are subjects of wholesome contemplation; it is not so with the inmates of Goring House and the adjacent cottage. Has modern science or philosophy in this age brought us back to the point of believing in witchcraft? Here is a West Indian sorceress, with terrible mystic powers, Mrs. Vere, the "lady companion" living with the motherless girl and often left alone with her, subduing her body and soul with a few magnetic passes, until Sibyl has become, even when they are apart, the absolute slave of Mrs. Vere's will. Wherever she is, Mrs. Vere can throw her into a trance, in which she walks helplessly where she is hidden, thinks and acts as she is bidden, and, when released from this strange condition, she knows nothing of what she has done. Mrs. Vere has a son, bearing the name of Gabriel De Courcy, dwelling close by with his nurse, a gigantic negress and dreadful Obeah-woman, who has a sharp finger nail envenomed with deadly snake-poison. For this strange gentleman, a traveller and artist of brilliant and persuasive discourse, his wicked mother designs to capture Sibyl, who is the only daughter of a rich man from London. Young Tom Fane, hoping to make her his wife, discovers that the girl is compromising herself by secret visits to the cottage; but she is doing so, quite involuntarily and unconsciously, by mesmeric compulsion, at the order of Mrs. Vere. What is the good of telling such a story? Is it not rather likely to do harm? There are, unhappily, some women silly enough to believe in the possibility of these monstrous dependencies of one personality on the will of another. Mr. Julian Sturgis, however, tells in a clever way this tale which we could wish he had not told.

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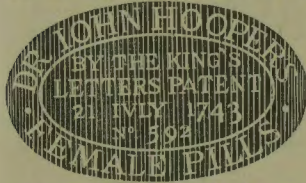
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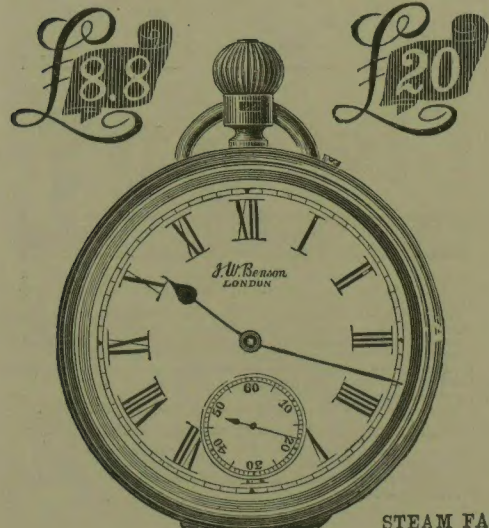
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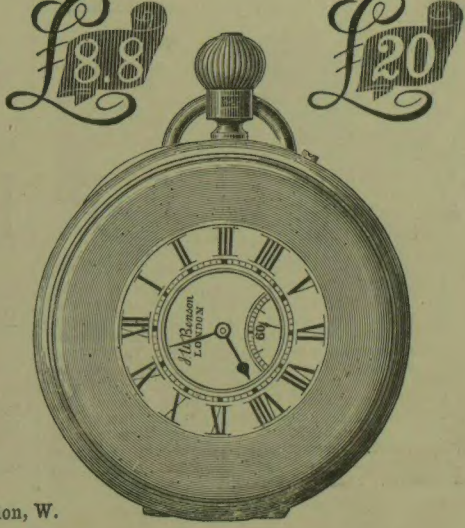


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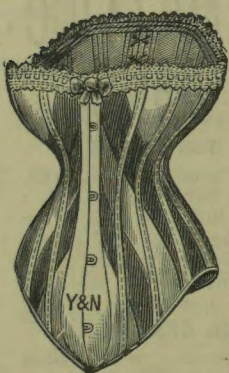
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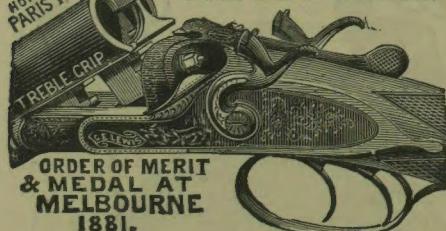
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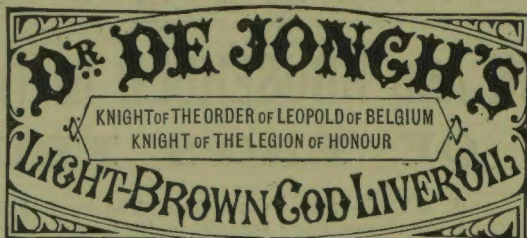
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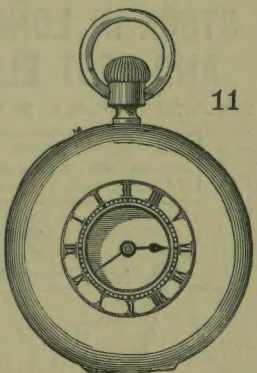
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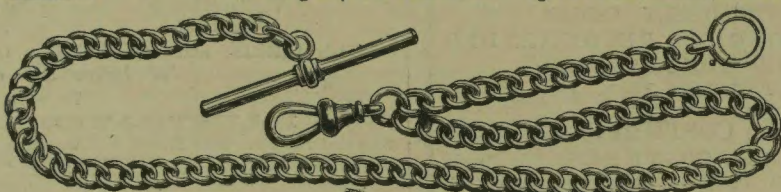


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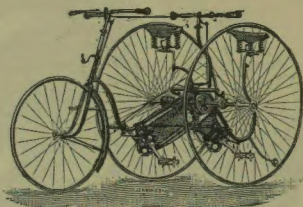
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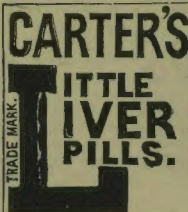
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